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VOL. IV.

REPOSITORY of Arts Literature FASHIONS &c.

New Series

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Repository

OF

ARTS, LITERATURE, FASHIONS,

Manufactures, &c.

THE SECOND SERIES.

VOL. IV. JULY 1, 1817. No. XIX.

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TO OUR READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Publishers, Authors, Artists, and Musical Composers, are requested to transmit announcements of works which they may have in hand, and we shall cheerfully insert them, as we have hitherto done, free of expense. New musical publications also, if a copy be addressed to the publisher, shall be duly noticed in our Review; and extracts from new books, of a moderate length and of an interesting nature, suitable for our Selections, *will be acceptable.*

The Continuation of The Correspondence of the Adviser *and* The History of Pharamond, *shall be given in our next.*

We shall be gratified by a sight of the paper mentioned by A Subscriber, *before which we cannot pledge ourselves for its insertion.*

Our Bath friend will not be surprised that we have not followed his suggestion, on the subject of which we had strong doubts before the recent discovery.

X. X.—Curiosus—A Meddler—*and* Felicia, *are not adapted to our Miscellany.*

We request the indulgence of our Poetical Contributors till our next.

Persons who reside abroad, and who wish to be supplied with this Work every Month as published, may have it sent to them, free of Postage, to New-York, Halifax, Quebec, and to any part of the West Indies, at £4 12s. per Annum, by Mr. THORNHILL, of the General Post-Office, at No. 21, Sherborne-Lane; to Hamburgh, Lisbon, Cadiz, Gibraltar, Malta, or any Part of the Mediterranean, at £4 12s. per Annum, by Mr. SERJEANT, of the General Post-Office, at No. 22, Sherborne-lane; and to the Cape of Good Hope, or any part of the East Indies, by Mr. GUY, at the East-India House. The money to be paid at the time of subscribing, for either 3, 6, 9, or 12 months.

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FINE ARTS.

ARCHITECTURAL HINTS.

PLATE 1.—A VILLA.

THIS building is intended for the residence of a small family, and has its domestic offices situated in the rear of the principal apartments, which are thence approached by a door entering into the staircase at A. The dining-room is spacious, and is decorated by niches and statues, which would combine with the greatly projecting bay window, to give the whole an appearance of architectural arrangement and classical finish. The drawing and music-room, communicating with a small conservatory, would form a very agreeable suite of apartments, wholly unconnected with the dinner-room. The library is arranged for a tasteful disposition of the books; and, as being a room of business, it is entered immediately from the small hall: this leads to the principal staircase, and to a corridor containing a closet, coat-room, store and china-room, &c. and is the passage by which the house is entered from the servants' apartments. These consist of kitchen, scullery, and larder, servants' hall, pantry, and housekeeper's room, with proper cellaring; and above them are the servants' bed-rooms. The chambers over the chief apartments are four in number, two of which have dressing-rooms.

The lawn front only would be architecturally decorated, the remaining sides being disposed for finishing in the simplest style, and for concealment by plantations; indeed the offices might be nearly excluded from view by the shrubberies between them and the principal building.

THE DOMESTIC COMMONPLACE-BOOK;

Containing authentic Receipts and miscellaneous Information in every Branch of Domestic Economy, and of general Utility.

RULES FOR PREVENTING THE DIFFUSION OF CONTAGIOUS FEVERS.

THE following simple rules for destroying contagion or infection where it has been generated, and for preventing its dissemination, are given as the result of personal experience, on the authority of a medical gentleman of Edinburgh, where an alarming contagious fever now prevails:

1. As few persons as possible should be employed in attending upon the sick. The sphere of the action of contagion being in general very limited (perhaps to a few feet), a great deal of the risk of infection may be avoided by the attendants being aware of this circumstance, and therefore, though in the same apartment, taking care not to stand long very near to the sick person. They ought also to avoid breathing over the person that is ill, that they may not inhale the vapour arising from his body, and therefore should turn their backs to him as much as possible. When near him, a handkerchief moistened with vinegar may be kept to the nose and mouth; where there is a free circulation of air, they should stand to the windward. The infected should be approached as little as possible in the morning, as the contagion is then more concentrated, and then also absorption more readily takes place. Those who wait upon the sick, or have any intercourse with them, ought to undergo daily ablution with cold water.

2. A constant and free circulation of air should be kept up through the apartment by means of proper ventilation. The greatest attention to cleanliness in every respect ought to be observed. All superfluous furniture should be removed from the chamber of the sick, and likewise clothes, especially those which are woollen, as these are found to attract and retain contagious matter forcibly.

3. As nothing has been found so efficacious as fumigation by means of the vapour of nitrous acid, as recommended by Drs. Johnstone and C. Smyth, this should be constantly resorted to. The following is the method of practising it:—Take half an ounce of vitriolic acid, and put it into a cup, saucer, pipkin, or other earthen vessel, and warm it by placing it over a lamp, or in heated sand; then take one ounce of powdered nitre, and add a little of it from time to time to the warm acid: as it is added, red fumes will rise, which are to be diffused through the apartment by carrying the apparatus to different parts of it. Several such vessels may be employed and placed in various parts of the chamber, according to its size. One may suffice where the room is not very large. The process may be repeated several times a day. These fumes do not prove injurious, and are breathed with impunity by the sick and attendants, only occasioning at first a slight and temporary coughing. The instant any individual in a fa-

mily is suspected to be attacked with fever, fumigation and ventilation ought immediately to be had recourse to, in order to prevent the propagation of the infection.

4. Clothes belonging to an infected person, or clothes or furniture suspected to be at all impregnated with any contagious matter, ought to be washed and fumigated before being used.

Were these few general rules strictly observed and practised in all cases, I have no doubt, continues the writer, that much mischief would be prevented, and many valuable lives saved; personal experience of their utility enabling me to recommend them with the greatest confidence.

Medical men often give general directions on these points, in visiting the sick; but I have occasion to know, that many of them, from a culpable supineness, are not sufficiently exact in this respect, and it generally happens that none of these means are practised, at least amongst the lower orders. Besides, medical men have not always time to superintend these measures, and their directions are often forgotten. It were, therefore, to be wished that every person were made acquainted with the means that ought to be used, in order to employ them *immediately on any appearance of fever occurring in their family.*

In regard to fumigation, in those cases where the fever is very prevalent in a narrow street or lane, perhaps it would not altogether be a visionary idea, to endeavour so far to charge the atmosphere for a certain space with nitrous vapour, by having vessels of the above description, or else what are called fumigating lamps, on a large scale, placed properly for the purpose in the open air, and kept constantly going: this might add so far to the means of checking the progress of infection.

As to the amulets worn by many individuals, containing camphor, &c. they can only be useful by inspiring confidence; but by inspiring a confidence beyond their merits, they may prevent the adoption of those means that are of real utility.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES AND ANECDOTES.

MEMOIR OF M. TALMA, THE FRENCH TRAGEDIAN.

THE visit to this country of the most celebrated performer on the French stage, having naturally excited some public curiosity respecting him, the following memoir, extracted from No. XX. of the *Literary Gazette**, will, we doubt not, prove acceptable to our readers.

M. Talma, who is now in his fiftieth year, was born in France, and remained there till he attained his eighth year, when he was sent to receive a part of his education in this country. It is a remarkable circumstance in this early part of his life, that he was selected to perform a principal character in a play, that was got up and perform-

* A weekly paper published by Colburn, Conduit-street.

ed before their Royal Highnesses the Prince Regent and Duke of York, at the Hanover-square rooms, then belonging to Sir John Gallini, by the proprietors of the academy where he was placed; and that, though he acquitted himself very well, he was so much agitated by his emotions in this his first essay, as not to recover from its effects for some time after the performance was over. He returned to France in his fifteenth year to finish his education, remained at college a few years, and revisited England in 1783. It was at this period that he first felt an inclination for that profession, of which he was destined to become so distinguished an ornament. On seeing Mr. Kemble and Mrs. Siddons in tragedy, he returned to France in 1786, and began to apply himself to surgery as his future profession; but his predominant passion still carrying him to the stage, M. Molé, a celebrated comic actor with whom he became acquainted, took him under his care, and from the high opinion which he entertained of his talents, introduced him to the committee of the *Theatre Français*, by whom he was engaged: in 1787 he made his first appearance in the character of Seid in Voltaire's *Mahomet*. He was then about twenty; his success was immediate, rapid, and astonishing: he soon became so celebrated a tragedian, that La Rive, a famous actor, who, before Talma made his appearance, shone without a rival, was forced to retire from the stage. To that high character which he acquired so early in his professional career, experience in his art has given additional lustre.

The French almost despair of ever finding his equal—his superior they think impossible. It was not to be expected that such a man as Talma, considering the times in which he lived, could have avoided the imputation of party principles. He accordingly has been put down as of the revolutionary party; but this is an error, or rather a calumny, of his enemies, for he was, during the whole course of the revolution, of the moderate party, and, whatever his enemies may say to the contrary, he never made himself conspicuous. His commanding talents—his general acquirements—and, above all, the excellence of his private character, so distinguished for liberality and hospitality, cannot fail to ensure him a favourable reception in this country.

He speaks English fluently, but does not intend to perform any character in an English play, nor, indeed, is it certain that he will in a French one, as he came here merely for his amusement.

The above account has appeared in the *Antigallican*. We have to observe that the editor mistakes in saying, that "he soon became so celebrated as a tragedian, that La Rive, a famous actor, who, before Talma made his appearance, shone without a rival, was *forced* to retire from the stage." La Rive continued long on the stage after Talma had acquired his reputation. He fully enjoyed public favour to the last, and the crown he had won did not lose its lustre when opposed to the laurels of his young rival.

The *debût* of Talma excited no enthusiasm. The part of Charles IX. in the tragedy of that name, by

Chenier, was the one which afforded him an opportunity of commencing and establishing his reputation. Among other things, it was observed that he devoted such minute attention to his costume and head-dress, and gave so peculiar an expression to his features, that he presented a striking resemblance to the portraits which are preserved of that monarch.

French critics have been divided in opinion concerning the merits of Talma, who is the creator of a new style of declamation on the French stage. Some have accused him of heaviness in his delivery, a hollowness of tone, and a voice which is almost always confined, and which never developes itself except by sudden bursts. Others declare him to be a model of the *beau idéal*, and an artist who has arrived at a degree of perfection which none ever before attained, and which none can in future hope to acquire.

Impartial amateurs agree that no one equals Talma in the character of a tyrant or a conspirator, such as Nero, Manlius, &c.; but in those which require spirit, nobleness, and dignity, like Tancred, Orosmanes, Achilles, &c. they prefer La Fond, who at this moment shares with him the tragic sceptre of the *Theatre Français*.

The celebrated critic Geoffroy, perhaps a little too much imbued with the principles of the old school, frequently attacked the acting and declamation of Talma in the *Journal des Debats*. The latter, who was intoxicated with the applauses lavished upon him, could not endure the pointed censures with which the old critic daily stung him. One evening, whilst Geoffroy was at the *Theatre Français*, accompanied by his wife, and a lady and gentleman their friends, the door of his box suddenly opened while the performers were on the stage. A man appeared, and said in a loud tone of voice, "Is M. Geoffroy here?" Without waiting for a reply, he entered the box, and seizing Geoffroy by the hand, "Come out, villain!" continued he. —"Heavens, 'tis M. Talma!" exclaimed Madame Geoffroy. The friend of the critic then repelling the tragic monarch, whose nails were already imprinted in characters of blood upon the hand of his censor, succeeded in forcing him out of the box and closing the door upon him. The door was, however, opened a second time; the siege of the box again commenced, but the occupants had the advantage, and remained masters of the field of battle. Had such an affair as this occurred in England, the actor would have been *tried for an assault*. In France, however, he was dismissed with a slight reproof, which Savary, who was then minister of police, delivered to him with a smile. On the following day Geoffroy gave a description of this scene in the *Journal des Debats*, and was expert enough to turn the joke against his adversary.

Napoleon was exceedingly attached to Talma, and appointed him his reader.

We are happy in being able on the present occasion to subjoin an extract from Lady Morgan's forthcoming work, further illustrative of the peculiar talents of this distinguished actor.

"*Britannicus*," says Lady Morgan, "so long the fashion, from

the inimitable performance of Talma in Nero, awakened my most anxious expectations; and it was not without emotion that I saw myself, for the first time, in the great national theatre of France, and in a box chosen and procured for me by M. Talma himself. Still, however great my expectation, however lively my impatience for the rising of the curtain, which recalled the long-blunted vivacity of feelings of childish solicitude and curiosity, I soon perceived that I was cold, languid, and inanimate to the genuine French audience that surrounded me. The house was an overflow at an early hour: the orchestra, cleared of all its instruments, was filled to suffocation; and the *parterre*, as usual, crowded with men (chiefly from the public schools and *lycées*, whose criticisms not unfrequently decide the fate of new pieces, and give weight to the reputation of old ones), exhibited hundreds of anxious faces, marked countenances, and figures and costumes which might answer alike for the bands of *brigandage*, or the classes of philosophy. Some were reading over the tragedy; others were commenting particular passages; a low murmur of agitation crept through the house like the rustling of leaves to a gentle wind, until the rising of the curtain stilled every voice, composed every muscle, and riveted the very *existence of the audience* (if I may use the expression) upon the scene.

"The theatres of other countries assemble *spectators*, but an *audience* is only to be found in a French theatre. Through the whole five acts attention never flagged for a moment; not an eye was averted, not an ear unattending; every one seemed to have the play by heart, and every one attended, as if they had never seen it before.

"In the famous scene of *Britannicus* where Agrippina is left *tête-à-tête* with her son, to enter on her defence, Mademoiselle Georges, as the Roman empress, went through a long speech of a *hundred and ten lines*, with great clearness, elegance of enunciation, and graceful calmness of action.

"During the first seventy lines of this speech, Talma, as Nero, sat a patient and tranquil auditor. No abrupt interruption of haughty impatience, disdaining the curb of a long-neglected authority, was furnished by the genius of the author, or gave play to the talents of the admirable actor; and the little by-play allowed him, or rather that he allowed himself, was not *risked*, until towards the close of the speech: it was then, however, exquisite--it was nature. The constraint of forced and half-given attention, the languor of exhaustion, the restlessness of tedium, and the struggle between some little remains of filial deference and habitual respect, blended with the haughty impatience of all dictation, were depicted, not in strong symptoms and broad touches of grimace and action, but with a keeping, a tact, a fidelity to nature, indescribably fine. His transition of attitude; his playing with the embroidered scarf round his neck, and which made a part of his most classical costume, his almost appearing to count its threads, in the inanity of his profound *ennui*, were all traits of the highest order of acting. In London, this acting would

have produced a thunder of applause; in Paris it was coldly received, because it was innovation; and many a black head in the *parterre* was searching its classical recesses, for some example from some traditional authority, from Baron, or Le Kain, of an emperor being restless on his chair, or of the incident of playing with the handkerchief being at all conformable to the necessity "*de représenter noblement*," in all kings, since the time of Louis le Grand.

"Whether on the stage at the *Théatre Français*, or in the Thuilleries, Talma is eminently superior to the school whose rules he is obliged to obey. His great genius always appeared to me to be struggling against the methodical obstacles presented to its exertions. He is the Gulliver of the French stage tied down by *Lilliputian threads.* Before talents like his can exert their full force, and take their uttermost scope, a new order of drama must succeed to the declamatory and rhyming school which now occupies the French stage. Talma is a passionate admirer of the English drama, and of Shakspeare. He speaks English fluently, and told me that he had a great desire to play in one of Shakspeare's tragedies. He did not complain, but he *hinted* at the restraint under which his talents laboured, from that *esprit de systême*, which the French have banished from every other art, and which keeps its last hold on their stage. But he said, 'If I attempt the least innovation; if I frown a shade deeper to-night than I frowned last night, in the same character, the *parterre* are sure to call me to order.'

* * * * * * * * * *

"The dignity and tragic powers of Talma, on the stage, are curiously but charmingly contrasted with the simplicity, playfulness, and gaiety of his most unassuming, unpretending manners off the stage. I (who had never seen *Coriolanus* in the drawing-room, but as I had seen *Coriolanus* in the Forum,) expected to meet this great tragedian in private life, in all the pomp and solemnity of his profession; the cold address, the measured phrase; in a word, I expected to meet *the actor:* but in the simple, unaffected manners of this celebrated person, I found only the well-bred and accomplished gentleman. Talma had, in his early life, been intimate with Buonaparte; and the ex-emperor (who never forgot the friends of the young engineer officer,) accorded the *petites-entrées* of the palace to the sovereign of the *Théatre Français.* Talma saw him constantly; not, however, to *give him lessons* (an invention at which Buonaparte and Talma both laughed); but to discuss his favourite topic, tragedy, of which he was passionately fond. On this subject, however, the actor frequently differed with the emperor; while the emperor as frequently dictated to the actor, greeting him with, '*Eh bien! Talma, vous n'avez pas usé de vos moyens hier au soir.*' Napoleon always disputed the merits of comedy, and observed to a gentleman, from whom I had the anecdote, '*Si vous préferez la comédie, c'est parceque vous vieillissez.*'—'*Et vous, Sire,*' replied Monsieur—'*vous aimez la tragédie, parceque vous êtes trop jeune.*'"

MISCELLANIES.

Plate 2.—SENTIMENTAL TRAVELS TO THE SOUTH OF FRANCE.

LETTER VII.

December 19.

Since my last, five melancholy days have succeeded one another. An unwholesome wind, called *La Bise*, keener and more dangerous than any that blows upon our Giant Mountains, has occasioned this chasm in my journal, suddenly stopped me in the career of pleasure, and doomed me to a severe penance for enjoyments of which I had scarcely tasted. I am again visited by physicians and fed upon medicines; I have burned the dry twigs of a whole vineyard, and yet find some difficulty to get rid of the demon, which, by the name of *La Grippe*, went from house to house, and attacked me among the rest. How could I have anticipated such a trick in so delicious a country?—But the sun shines out again, and every beam restores new life, cheerfulness, and health.

I cannot help regretting the loss of the eight dismal days which I have coughed away, and which might have been applied to better purpose. The worst of it is, that I have now no time left to retrieve this loss; for as I should like to traverse the other parts of Languedoc, as well as the equally beautiful Provence which adjoins to it, and reach Bourdeaux before the setting-in of the hot weather, which becomes oppressive there at the beginning of March; I have not much more than a week to spare for Nismes, and even for that time I am banished from this good city. My intelligent physician has advised me to spend this interval in the country, where I may with the greater certainty facilitate my recovery by that simple mode of life, which is the only thing that cannot be purchased in towns. This cure is by far less disagreeable to me than the good man may suppose. Without any reluctance, I have made preparations for my departure, and have to-day sent my John to the neighbouring villages to seek me a lodging. He knows as well as I do what will suit me. To-morrow I shall bid adieu to the city, take leave in person of the bishop and his niece, and of my other hastily formed acquaintances by cards, from which, before they throw them into the fire, they will learn for the first time what is my name.

John is returned, but I am only half satisfied with his arrangements. He has fixed, I verily believe, upon the most inconvenient quarters in the whole country. There are, however, so many desirable concomitants, that, to tell the truth, I ought not to mind the smallness of the place in which I am to lodge.

"You must," said he as drily as if he had been repeating the directions of a physician, "live together with the owner of the cottage and his wife in one room, which is none of the largest; you must put up at the same table with the fare

that the kitchen of a peasant affords, and sleep in a bed opposite to theirs."

"Scoundrel!" cried I, "do you take me for a dragoon?"

John paid no attention to my angry exclamation. "With such people as these," continued he, "you will be delighted to associate. Pure, uncorrupted nature, the highest domestic happiness, and——"

"That will do," said I hastily, interrupting him and shaking my head. "But now tell me, what necessity was there for the room to be so very small?"

"I might," replied John, "just as easily have hired for you the spacious, magnificent unoccupied mansion of the proprietor of the village; and you may still have it if you please. But I am certain you would not like it. I know what you want, and more attention, cleanliness, and good-humour than you will meet with in that cottage, you would seek in vain in the most splendid palaces of Berlin. I lived in some of them before I came to you: but—but——"

"Well, well, John," said I in a calmer tone, "to-morrow you shall carry my name about in the city, and we will start the next morning as soon as it is light."

December 20.

All is done that politeness requires, and even the parting from my fair poetic friend gave me but little pain. I have committed my trunk to the care of my landlady till my final departure from this province, and shall pay her for a whole month's lodging. She laments my quitting her pavilion so soon, and vents her abuse on the odious *grippe* which has already driven away from her so many profitable inmates.

Nothing can indeed be more obnoxious to social life than this accursed wind, which often unexpectedly breaks up the gayest parties by the colds that it brings in its train. It relaxes every sinew, and paralyses the very heart; and when it overtakes persons of my composition, the fine threads which it breaks are not so easily joined together again.

As the winds here are limited to certain tracks, and do not blow, like the winds of Solomon, whithersoever they list, there is to be had a convenient map, upon which you may see at one glance what places are subject to their influence. If Nismes stood four or five miles off, on the site of the village to which I shall remove to-morrow, the physicians here would find but little to do, and I should scarcely have quitted my pavilion so speedily. What would have become of Nismes had the Romans been so susceptible to colds as I am!

December 21.

To-day, in the warmth of a fine spring morning, I reached my village, which is named Caverac, and is only about six miles distant from the city. It belongs to a baron, who cringes before his sovereign, and never visits his castle, which is falling to decay from sheer neglect. The cottages which surround it look like fragments detached by wind and weather from its massy walls: but they stand in safety and quiet, while destructive Time is incessantly labouring to effect the fall of the adjacent colossus. I

took possession without ceremony of the box which John, with a feeling that does honour to his heart, had sought out for me; and wooden as it is, no sum could induce me to exchange it for a dreary abode in the spacious edifice which stands opposite to it, as if by way of instructive contrast. And as for the inhabitants of this cottage, who could help being satisfied with them? Pure, uncorrupted nature! Why was I angry with John for employing this expression, which, often as it is abused, is nevertheless so applicable to this hearty, active, good-tempered villager, and his young, charming, and amiable wife, that I cannot find one better suited to this happy couple.

An acre of land contiguous to their cottage, planted with olive, fig, and mulberry-trees, an oil-press, and a closet for their silk-worms, are their simple means of subsistence; and never, say they, have want and distress yet crossed their threshold. They perform their daily labour as a sport which promotes appetite, produces tranquil slumbers, and strengthens their mutual affection. About the soul they feel no concern; with them this is a field which requires no toilsome cultivation, and of itself can yield none but sound and wholesome fruit. The art of being contented is seated as naturally in their hearts as the art of seeing in their eyes. They exercise these natural qualifications without reflecting for a moment on the mechanism of them.

As it was too late to think of a new bill of fare for to-day, I was obliged to be satisfied at dinner with their ordinary dishes; and this required, indeed, no great self-denial. Though simple, every thing was excellent in its kind; and that genuine politeness of the heart with which it was placed before me by my hostess, rendered it doubly palatable. "Who taught this woman," said I to myself, when the truth and simplicity of her discourse made an irresistible impression on my heart—"who taught her, without learning, without books, without any knowledge of the world, to acquire such influence? Or is it from the absence of all these that she possesses it in such a high degree?"

My bed, my wooden chair, and a table for my writing tackle and other matters, stand behind a partition, that cuts off nearly one quarter of the room, and forms a sufficient barrier to property and unaffected modesty. Every thing here serves to teach me how little is requisite for human happiness.

I offered my landlady an advance of twelve crowns to defray the expense of housekeeping for her increased family, for they must, in their turn, be my guests as long as I am with them; but never was I so laughed at in all my life. "Why, sir," said she, "are you going to stay here a year? What, in the name of Heaven, should I do with all that money? My little place, and my skill in cooking, admit of nothing but what is plain and frugal. Indeed, sir, I cannot help it, but you must make shift with two dishes. Your health and your pocket will gain by it; and yet you shall leave us with a fresher colour than you brought with you. Let me have three of the crowns, if you please; I'll try how far I can make

them go; and do you act in every respect as if you belonged to us. In a day or two, I'd lay any wager you will send your medicines to the hospital, for in our village there is not a creature that wants any." With these words the youthful mistress of the house, who is not more than sixteen, flew to attend her domestic avocations.

The husband took upon himself the task of setting me in motion. He first conducted me round the castle of his lord. "If," said he, "you could see the large, lofty apartments within it, you would imagine that the founder belonged to the race of giants; and yet he is said to have been no more of a man than his descendant, who is such a little dapper fellow that he would find room enough in a bird-cage. Many a drop of sweat trickled upon these stones from the brow of my poor grandfather, who, as one of the vassals of the lord, was bound to assist in building these walls, which are already tumbling down again. For these fifty years no smoke has ascended from those ornamented chimnies. The possessors of this useless edifice shun it like an abyss which has swallowed up their patrimony, while it robs me and my neighbours of the prospect of the fine country that lies behind it. Give me the lath and plaster cottages such as mine, which we can patch up ourselves without expense when they become crazy, which we can erect again for a trifle when they tumble down, and which are inhabited by a hearty robust race, who grow gray under their roofs."

The aspect of desolation, dearest Edward, leaves the heart vacant too. We had not recovered our spirits till we had walked through the social village. How different a picture did it present to the mind from that of the dreary monument of overweening pride! Here all was life. One moment the Cupid-head of a rosy-cheeked boy popped out from a little window, or the black eyes of a blooming girl followed us along the street; and presently we were met by a group of children engaged in their youthful sports, while the aged uncovered their gray heads to give us their patriarchal benediction. In every corner, in every straw-thatched hut, appeared peace and happiness, activity or repose from toil.

What eye could be so perverted as to miss in these well-peopled cottages the proportions of a Palladio, and in the lives of these humble villagers, and the sports of their children, the mechanical routine of the great world!

The village is clean, and its situation very agreeable. On our return I made another discovery of considerable importance to me. Its little territory comprehends a hill, whose summit, covered with intermingled pines, almond-trees, and broom, I have fixed upon for the goal of my morning walks.

Here then I am in want of nothing that my simple diet requires. John is not a little proud of the satisfaction that he perceives in me, and takes no small credit to himself for the discernment which he has shewn in providing such comfortable accommodations.

December 22.

I parted yesterday from my journal and you sooner than I should

have done. My happy host and hostess hastened, according to the custom of their village, at the approach of night to their couch; and I, too considerate to disturb them by the light of my candle in their deserved repose, followed their example, without being sleepy, and am richly rewarded for my renouncement of the manners of the great world.

The early sleep before midnight, into which the unusual stillness soon lulled me, enabled me also to rise at an unusually early hour this morning. I was ascending the hill while a gray mist yet enveloped the earth; I beheld the curtain rise, and enjoyed the glowing spectacle of sunrise, that every moment appeared more and more brilliant. Ravishing as the sight was to my heart, so new was it also. Sincerely did I beg pardon of Nature for the presumptuous thought which I had so often indulged, that she had nothing more to set before me which could excite a relish in one so surfeited as myself.

What an omnipotent influence does the mountain air possess over the better feelings of the soul! If you do not yet know this from experience, hasten, my dear friend, to gain that experience as soon as your iron-bound climate will permit.

After the excellent rural repast that awaited me on returning hungry from my walk, my host conducted me to the general skittle-ground of the village, that at one view I might acquaint myself with all its inhabitants. In this country the afternoon is devoted entirely to amusements, and to none more than skittle-playing; and nothing can furnish a stronger proof of the facility with which the inhabitants earn their subsistence, than this propensity. The silk-worm requires care and attendance for six weeks only, and yet rewards the peasant for his little trouble far more amply than our most prolific corn-fields. The olive-crop seldom fails; and the very low price of the best wine, attests its abundance. What other calls then can these good people have to satisfy but those of pleasure?

My companion was heartily welcomed by them all, and so was I along with him. I took, however, but little share in their pastime, as I observed not far off the younger part of the community tripping it merrily to the notes of a guitar. I stole unperceived from the side of my conductor, and feasted my eyes on the expression of happiness—on the ardent looks of the youths, and the heaving bosoms of their partners. My friend Blaise—be not jealous if I call him so—surprised me at the very moment when my eyes were fixed on the lovely face of a girl, who would be worthy of the homage of a sultan. He very naturally concluded that the sex was not absolutely indifferent to me.

"If," said he, "you will be pleased to dine to-morrow with my wife alone, I will fetch you a girl named Margot, who lives about two leagues off, and who far surpasses all the beauties of our village; she is a merry, good-tempered creature, the daughter of my sister, and a favourite with us all. She shall stay with us, if you approve it, as long as you stay yourself. I am sure you will thank me for bringing her."

I was not a little alarmed at the

RURAL HAPPINESS AT CAVERAC.

idea of the increase of our family, as I was by this time thoroughly acquainted with all the capabilities of the house; but I did not think it necessary to communicate my apprehensions to my host. Still less could I venture to speak to him concerning the danger which might arise from the near neighbourhood of such a female as he had described: of such things as these the good man had no notion whatever. Of course I have no way left but to wait with patience to see what his promise will produce.

THE AMATEUR'S ROUT.

It has turned out, Mr. Editor, just as I expected. In the full ardour of complaisance, as I stooped for Miss Gumley's glove, the obstinate button refused to leave its post; the cloth gave way, and my poor, dear, new coat displayed, through a long rent at its back, the true lover's knots of a white Marseilles waistcoat. It was indeed repaired sufficiently for the remainder of the evening, but yet the rest of my body remained in purgatory.

But perhaps, Mr. Editor, it may be proper to give your readers a more regular detail of the events of this charming evening, rather than convey to them the occurrences that happened in the hop, step, and jump style of a modern novel. Shall I then commence by informing them, that Night had arrayed herself in her dunnest robe, or that Phœbus reposed in the lap of Thetis?—If I did, sir, I should say wrong, for the sun still gleamed upon our drawing-room when the votaries of whist began to assemble. Oh, sir! it was an evening in which I could have wished to wander out alone, to throw myself beside some purling stream, and, taking out my pipe, play my hymn to the Virgin. But what a rattling of chairs, what a moving of boxes, took place on the day of this great event, whose evening was to be dedicated to *seeing our friends!* Did I attempt to move, it was at the hazard of my life, for I encountered obstacles to my proceeding, numerous as those you meet with when you take a *hack* for speed, and would fain work a passage from Charing-Cross to the pump at Aldgate. I barely secured my retreat by upsetting a basket of borrowed crockery; and invading the privacy of three pounds of spermaceti candles, brought them all down after me to the bottom of the stairs —me, who only sought to borrow part of their envelope to wrap up the finger of my Venus, which, in an endeavour of Betty to *squeege* a bunch of flowers into her hand, had received a compound fracture. My little woman, red in face as the streaky side of a Yorkshire biffin, was giving her orders in the notes of a sick raven, for her commands had too long been sent forth in a voice of iron—but what, sir, can withstand the vituperative strain of eight and twenty hours? At length the arrangements becoming something like what they were designed to be, the tempest of tongues subsided in hollow murmurs. Our machinery, decorations, and *properties,* were placed where they

were intended to reign; and we waited with anxious solicitude for the first awful rap, amidst the hopes and fears of a visit from Lady Humgruffin, a venerable widow of a late city knight, who we hoped would honour our party, and who was to be the big-wig of the evening. Six o'clock came, but no rap; half-past six, all quiet; strange! when we were told that in this corner of the world people assembled at five: twice I put my watch to my ear, and three times my deary altered her bandeau of roses.

When a man and his wife are confined together in one room, stuck up as if their portraits were to be taken, and prevented by suspense from employing themselves, it's a thousand to one but they go to loggerheads. I had suffered my deary to place a card-table where I knew one part of the *rubber* must get a crick in the neck from the aperture of an improperly closed window, while his or her partner would endure all the horrors of an *auto da fé*, or have their ears singed by a *coup de feu*; and I had given up several other arrangements to her guidance, for, to tell you the truth, sir, she seemed more at home in these things than your humble servant. My papa and mamma (Heaven bless 'em!) were content to see just as many friends as could play comfortably at *lansquinet* or whist: these were constantly asked if they were comfortable, if they were too hot or too cold, whether their tea was or was not to their liking; but in these modern parties you must be roasted and parboiled as the mistress of the house thinks proper, and happy may you think yourself if you get any tea at all, at best cold and comfortless. But after a *dish* of tea, hot and hot, our ancestors went to cards, while a hot joint of meat was dangling below for supper. I think I see *my* papa now pull out his clean white pocket-handkerchief to save his small-clothes, and on the aforesaid handkerchief deposit his thin doubled bread and butter. The company were then not too idle to deposit their cups and saucers on the table, while the spoon, diagonally placed on the turned-down cup, told the mistress of the house that the tenant of it had taken *quant. suf.* Happy times, when saucers were used, and when upreared to the mouth on forked fingers they took their way—then when every person was allowed to blow his own tea, no scalded throat or burned lips annoyed the eager drinker, fearful of being the last! After whist or *tray* came the supper, finished by a hot apple-pie, and a tolerable *quantum* of strong punch made up the excitables of the evening; and if my papa became willing, with *much persuasion*, to sing, "There was a jolly miller once," or my aunt to treat us with the unhappy loves of Ally and Davy, what a *werry* pleasant evening we had! My good mamma—and I think I see her now, with spectacles on nose—would take up the ace of spades, as she was always wont to do to shew her learning, and while she read, *Honi soni qui mal pan*, which, reckless of the suppressed smile, and only intent on shewing her learning, she would translate, "My God and my right," and then erect her head, as proud of her attainments as when Miss Stoccato murders her Anglo-Italian sentences,

which the keys of her piano, fortunately for her, completely drown.

But Lord love ye, Mr. Editor, our parties are quite another guess kind of thing, and my wife is an old offender at "tea and turn out." Why, you must know, her father was mayor of the town from which I married her, where he kept a shop of all sorts; and in his back parlour she tells me she has received a matter of twenty people, maugre the smell of the chandlery. Ah! how often have I watched the mazy dance of the flies upon that ceiling while waiting for my deary!—flies lured by the dulcet smell of sugar and treacle. But, sir, to my story.

The party came not yet, and in consequence of this delay my deary and I fell into a little course of mutual exhortation. It became no small cause of contention between us to settle in what manner we should receive our guests. She asserted that I ought to be quite on the alert—and in vain I opposed this by referring to the stiffness of my drapery: that I ought to meet the company at the very door, and usher them in—in vain I maintained that this would appear as if we were too *anxious* to receive our friends, of course evincing how little used we were to genteel parties, and I warmly contended for the superiority of my scheme. "Let," said I, "one of your servants give in their names at the door, which shall burst open, and, while he makes his *announcement*, let me be just discovered by the party entering reclining with one hand in my bosom, my leg stretched out on the repose, with Puffendorf in my hand, as if profoundly, yet easily, studying: as soon as I have been properly discovered, I shall make a furious start from this interesting posture, throw the book over my head, swear I did not perceive them till now, then seize the hand of my guest, and immolate his shoulder with the violence of my accostation. Would not there be effect, Grizzy?" I exclaimed to my wife in raptures.—"Effect of a fool's head!" replied she rather, I think, indecently; but I battled it out, and, in exchange for some other preliminaries, was allowed to stick to the interesting.

For one half hour did I lie like a poor devil under the agonies of a recent fracture, without daring to change my position, while no one came to applaud me. At length, sir, my leg becoming all pins and needles, and my deary calling to me to uncork a bottle of currant—alas! sir, I was caught on the stairs by Miss Vanessa Humdrum with an apron of my wife's, in which I had attired myself to save my black silk breeches, and I poked out my hand, in which I held the corkscrew, in order to receive hers, which I fancy she had not the least idea of presenting. What an infernal *debût!* My courage, however, in some measure returned as the company poured in; but this unlucky hit, added to the twenty fancied but disappointed knocks of Lady Humgruffin, dissolved the charm that I intended should have played round me; and matters were made still worse by some *mal-à-propos* jokes I launched, when I endeavoured to make myself very agreeable. I chatted so long and loudly with Mrs. Macwheedle, that she revoked, and I brought down on my unfortunate head all the

genteel inuendoes of her irritated partner. I endeavoured to make this up in assiduity to others. I dashed across the rooms for tea-cups that were not yet empty, and offered our new cake-basket to those who had already denied me. In my haste to pick up a ridicule, I emptied a cup of hot coffee into the pocket of a dapper beau of fifty. In recovering Mrs. Clackit's shawl for her, I struck my head violently against hers, bringing that part of her wig which ought to have been behind nearly to the right about; and in bowing profoundly to a big-wig of this city, sent a lighted candle into the lap of a white-satined votary of Cassino. Three times I produced a total eclipse of the spermaceti luminaries, and once discharged a cargo of hot wick on the card-table, whose smoke and fume were nearly the cause of a fainting fit, and a miscount for the odd trick. I drank wine with every one, till I was as tipsy as a morning dram-drinker, and as hot as a chairman in the dog-days. My deary bustled and flounced, courtesied and smiled; and then to conceal her pain, she sighed and puffed, and puffed and sighed, and puffed and sighed again. At one time nobody would play whist, at another every body was for a rubber; and when only three persons could be found who knew the game, some wanted a pool at quadrille. Husbands and wives were obliged to sit down as partners, while pert misses, after playing chicken whist, got into corners, and, if I am not much mistaken by their whispering, giggled and laughed at the expense of their "charming host and hostess," till, at length, by nine o'clock not a *table could be made up*. Mrs. Firebrace, it seems, chose to oppose us this evening with a grand supper party; so ours fled to happier regions, and my deary and I, heartily glad to see their backs, after telling a thousand lies, and receiving as many in return, asked each other if this was pleasure. I now proceeded to disencumber myself of my armour, and we both fell on the reputations, or rather manners, of our guests, and on the few creams and jellies they had left behind them; and, I presume, from the infallible sign which we felt of our cheeks burning, they repaid us threefold by remarks on the *bourgeois* party-makers. I am in some hopes, Mr. Editor, from the blame which Grizzy seemed inclined to throw on me for the stupidity of the evening, that she is heartily sick of these parties; and stealing into her chamber the other day, I saw a letter on her desk, which, if I mistake not, she intends for your *Repository*. I shall, therefore, not trouble you again till I read the composition of the genius of my better half; until which time I remain yours,

BYRON OLDSKIRTS.

THE ROMANTIC LOVERS.

AT the age of twenty-five the Marquis de Versanai was, in the opinion of the ladies, the handsomest and most amiable man in all Paris. Perhaps these *agrémens* were a little heightened by an inheritance of ten thousand louis a year, which had devolved to him by the death

of an uncle: certain it is, that the fair Adrienne Dorville, who had not manifested any symptoms of tenderness for him prior to that event, appeared soon afterwards sensible of his attachment; and at the end of a few months every thing was in train for their nuptials, when a friend of the marquis, for whom he had been security to a large amount, absconded, and the loss which he sustained reduced him at once from affluence to an elegant competence.

"*N'importe,*" said he with the happy *sang froid* of his nation, "I have still enough to live very well in the country. My dear sentimental Adrienne, who detests dissipation, will now have an opportunity of shewing her affection for me: we will retire together to my little estate in Languedoc; there, in promoting the felicity of each other and of our dependants, we shall be happier than we have ever been in this seat of folly and dissimulation."

Full of his project, De Versanai went immediately to his Adrienne. He did not notice the air of gravity and constraint with which she received him, so impatient was he to open his plan. She listened at first in moody silence, but presently an expression of suppressed displeasure took place of the suavity in which she usually dressed her beautiful features. "This is all very romantic and pretty, M. Marquis," said she in a sarcastic tone; "such a scheme would just suit a village *belle* who had never seen any thing of the world; but accustomed as I am to the first circles, you cannot surely expect me to renounce them, and bury myself in obscurity: besides, I always hated the insipid routine of a country life. I am truly sorry for your misfortune, but allow me to say, Monsieur Marquis, that you should have had more prudence than to——."

De Versanai interrupted the lady's lecture upon prudence by flying out of the room in a state of frenzied agitation, which afforded the fair Adrienne occasion for the exhibition of a most graceful fainting fit; from which, however, she was soon recovered by the tender cares of Monsieur St. Ange, who entered the room at the moment that De Versanai quitted it.

Nobody in Paris understood the art of embellishing a story so gracefully as Monsieur St. Ange. Some coarse people indeed declared, that the anecdotes which he was so fond of relating, were entirely of his own composition: but they mistook the matter, he never invented, he only embellished circumstances which he had heard related by others; it is true, that these embellishments were sometimes so numerous, that even the first inventor of a story did not always recollect it for his own production after it had passed through the hands of this ingenious gentleman.

As this insect had always disliked De Versanai, we may guess what colouring he gave to that part of the scene which Adrienne thought proper to relate to him. He quickly transformed De Versanai into a ruined madman, and Adrienne into an interesting and tender being, whom he had used very ill, because she refused to retire with him into a remote province, and earn her livelihood by working in the fields.

As it was not known what part of his property De Versanai had actu-

ally lost, complete credit was given to this story, and the unfortunate marquis found himself deserted at once by his mistress and his friends.

Many men under these circumstances would have shot themselves, or turned misanthrope; fortunately for De Versanai, his feelings were perfectly French, that is to say, keen but short-lived: contempt for the worthless beings by whom he had been duped, soon succeeded to sorrow; but the faithless Adrienne had left a vacuum in his heart, which he formed a resolution of filling in a manner singular enough.

He determined to select from among the fair peasants who resided upon his estate, one who should be young, beautiful, and with a mind capable of acquiring knowledge and accomplishments: this phœnix, if he was fortunate enough to find her, he determined to raise to the rank of a *marquise.*

Impatient to execute his project, he set out for his chateau in Languedoc, leaving in Paris only one being whom he regretted, and who really merited the title of friend. This was M. Florimond, a man of honour and probity, who sincerely loved him. M. Florimond had used every argument to dissuade him from his matrimonial plan, but without success; and he often made his strange project the subject of his conversation with his niece, Madame de Rossily, a beautiful widow of one-and-twenty, who had once or twice seen De Versanai in public, but had never spoken to him.

As this lady had no small tincture of romance in her composition, the marquis's resolution appeared to her neither absurd nor ridiculous; but she feared lest the charms of a beautiful face should blind him to the wan' of intellectual superiority, and that ne would too late regret having bestowed his hand upon one unworthy of it. From considering this event at first as probable, she soon began to look upon it as certain; and she determined, even at the expense of considerable trouble to herself, to prevent it: but whether this determination arose from pity, coquetry, or a secret inclination for the handsome marquis, we will not presume to determine.

Although madame was twenty-one, she might, from the extreme youthfulness of her appearance, very well pass for sixteen. Her nurse, whose name was Babet Cloup, had resided with her from the time of her birth, and had a daughter of that age, who was her *femme de chambre.* As Babet was actually a native of a village near the chateau of the marquis, nothing could be easier than for her to return as if to settle in her native place, taking with her Madame de Rossily in the character of her daughter Veronique, who could easily be left behind in Paris.

The plan was no sooner arranged than it was put into execution, and Madame de Rossily, whom we must henceforth call Veronique, which in fact was really her christian name, when she saw how pretty several of the village maidens were, was not sorry that she had lost no time in commencing her plan of operations.

In effect, one of the villagers, whose name was Felicie, had already attracted the notice of De Versanai. She was exquisitely beautiful, and although neither amiable

nor clever, she had so much cunning and such prepossessing manners, that the marquis began to feel a serious inclination for her.

The first sight of Veronique, however, banished his infant passion. "What grace! what beauty!" said he to himself, "and with all the simplicity of her manner, how noble is her air! Ah! if she is really what she appears, and I should succeed in gaining her heart, how little shall I regret that loss of property which has been the means of procuring me such a treasure!"

Our readers will readily believe, that De Versanai was not long before he introduced himself at the cottage of Babet, which he soon visited every day. He was sure always to find Veronique at work, and so intent was she upon her employment, that it was but seldom the marquis could catch her eye, and when he did, it was hastily withdrawn from his impassioned glance; but the mantling blush, the stifled sigh betrayed that her reserve did not proceed from indifference. It was with difficulty that the marquis succeeded in drawing her into conversation, but the little she said was so much to the purpose, that every interview served to rivet closer the chains which her beauty had first forged for our susceptible hero.

Veronique on her side was not slow in perceiving the impression she had made, and it gave her the most lively pleasure, for every day rendered De Versanai more amiable in her eyes. Some weeks passed in this manner, when one evening as De Versanai was going to pay his usual visit to the cottage, he saw a well dressed man enter it hastily; just at that moment he approached near enough to hear an indistinct exclamation of joy from Veronique, and to perceive her throw herself into the arms of the stranger, in whom he recognised Florimond.

The poor marquis stood near the window through which he beheld this mortifying sight, as if transfixed by a thunderbolt. His first thought was to rush into the cottage and take vengeance on the guilty pair, but the next moment he recollected that Florimond knew nothing of his affections for Veronique, and that thought checked him. His indignation now fell wholly on his perfidious mistress. "Base dissembler!" cried he, "she must have seen that I adored her; and her looks, her manner, all seemed to prove that she returned my love. O Veronique! who that saw thy ingenuous countenance, could suppose thee capable of such treachery! How much was I mistaken when I placed thee so far above the uncultivated but sincere and tender Felicie!"

Absorbed in these reflections, the marquis took the way back to his chateau: and now let us account for the appearance of Florimond. Madame de Rossily had given out at Paris, that she was going to pass some time at the house of a friend in Normandy: Florimond happening to have some business near this lady's habitation, resolved to pay his niece a visit; but not finding her with her friend, his suspicions were excited, and he pressed so vehemently to know where she really was, that the lady thinking a refusal to satisfy him might seriously

injure madame in his opinion, communicated to him her scheme, and its probable success.

Florimond was perfectly enchanted at the prospect of uniting the two beings whom he loved best in the world. He hastened to the retreat of his niece, with whom he had immediately a full explanation. Veronique would not consent to his revealing her name and rank to De Versanai. "I believe," said she blushing, "that he loves me; but I own I would rather receive the declaration of his passion in the character of Veronique Cloup, than that of Madame de Rossily. You must vanish therefore, my dear uncle, for I know your open heart so well, that I am certain if you once see him you will discover all."

After many remonstrances, Florimond consented to be guided by his niece, and quitted the village without seeing De Versanai.

Our poor marquis in the mean time was upon the rack, and in the excess of his anger at the faithless conduct of Veronique, he formed the resolution of revenging himself by marrying Felicie. "The perfidious girl shall see," said he to himself, "that I am not so devoted to her as she fancies; doubtless she only amused herself with me in the absence of Florimond." Presently it struck him, that it would be a refinement upon his intended revenge, if he was to communicate himself to Veronique the intelligence of his passion for Felicie. No sooner did this idea occur to him, then he hastened to her cottage.

The glowing blush with which Veronique met him, gave place to an ashy paleness, when he abruptly said, that he came to solicit her good offices with Felicie; an universal trembling seized her frame, and it required all her pride and self-command to restrain the tears which sprang to her eyes: her emotion must have in fact betrayed her secret, had not Babet come to her assistance.

"Doubtless, sir," said she, "you will not want an intercessor; and even if you did, my daughter is too slightly acquainted with Felicie to become one."

"I am surprised to hear you say so," replied the marquis, "for I thought Veronique and Felicie were intimate; and independent of your daughter's friendship for me, I supposed she would rejoice in promoting the happiness of a girl so amiable, so sincere, so worthy in all respects of being loved, as Felicie."

He uttered these words with much significance, fixing his eyes at the same time on Veronique, whose frequent change of colour and evident agitation he supposed proceeded merely from her vexation at his escaping her toils. This idea enabled him to assume an appearance of indifference, and bidding her a slight and haughty farewell, he quitted the cottage.

The tender Veronique wept in the arms of Babet, who bestowed upon the marquis all the reproachful epithets which her memory could supply her with; concluding with a declaration, that her dear lady had had a blessed escape, for he must be either mad or bewitched.

No sooner had the marquis quitted Veronique, than he hastened to Felicie, whose joy may easily be imagined at so unhoped-for a pro-

posal. She regretted, however, most bitterly that her noble lover had not declared his intention some time before; for never suspecting the good fortune which awaited her, she had lent too favourable an ear to the tender protestations of Jacques Tougoat, a young villager, who had been acquainted with her from her childhood, and she dreaded with good reason, that in the first effervescence of his rage, he might make some discoveries to the marquis which would effectually destroy all her brilliant prospects.

Meanwhile Babet, who was a notable gossip, had no sooner vented her anger against the marquis, than she hastened to the house of her next neighbour, who happened to be the mother of Jacques, to communicate the news of the intended nuptials.

Madame Tougoat was not at home, but Jacques said she would soon return, and as an auditor was all that Babet wanted, she immediately began to relate her news to him. The poor fellow's vehement exclamations she at first supposed were occasioned by his astonishment, but when his colour altered, and she saw him burst into tears, she began to suspect something, though she was still far from the truth.

No women in the world are so dexterous in diving to the bottom of a mystery as the French. Babet put on an air of the most cordial commiseration instantly, and with a look which implied that she knew a great deal, assured Jacques, that for her part she was not less astonished than himself, for she had always thought, and particularly latterly, that he would be the man.

Jacques replied only by a groan.

"But, my poor child," continued Babet, "what do you intend to do?"

Another groan.

"I protest that if I were in your place, I would speak to the marquis."

"Oh, *mon Dieu!*" cried Jacques, "I dare not! Felicie made me swear that I would never tell."

This was enough to convince Babet that there was something beyond a simple flirtation, and she plied poor Jacques with questions till she ascertained, that a marriage with somebody was actually necessary to save the reputation of Felicie.

Fraught with this intelligence, she hastened to the marquis, to whom she communicated it without ceremony.

"Heavens!" cried the astonished marquis, "is it then my fate to be perpetually the dupe of women? Adrienne, Veronique, Felicie--perfidious sex!"

"Hold, monsieur marquis," interrupted Babet warmly, "if you mean my Veronique, she——"

"Whom else can I mean?" cried Versanai. "Is she not the most deceitful of women? Did she not give me reason to suppose that she returned my passion? and but for my fortunately surprising her in the embraces of her paramour——"

"Oh, *mon Dieu!* my child, my Veronique!" screamed the incensed Babet—"monsieur marquis, you make my hair stand an end with your abominable slander. My innocent Veronique in the arms of a man! a likely story truly!"

"I swear to you," cried De Versanai vehemently, "that I myself saw her, and scarcely could I credit the evidence of my senses,

clasped to the bosom of Chevalier Florimond."

In spite of the self-command of Babet, this speech had such an irresistible effect upon her risible muscles, that, to the marquis's astonishment, she burst into a fit of laughter. "Well, monsieur," cried she as soon as she had a little recovered herself, "your senses did not deceive you; I am ready to admit the truth of what you say: but I maintain, notwithstanding, that Veronique is innocent, and I can convince you of it in three words."

"Florimond is then an honourable lover?" cried De Versanai.

"No, he is neither the honourable nor dishonourable lover of Veronique."

"Ah! would to Heaven you could convince me of that!"

"To what purpose, monsieur?"

"What a question, Babet! You must have seen your daughter—must have seen that I love, adore her——"

"Certainly," interrupted Babet ironically; "your intention of marrying Felicie was a convincing proof of that."

"It was—nay, do not laugh, but hear me! In the height of my indignation at the perfidy of Veronique——"

"Ah!" interrupted Babet, "I see it all now: say no more, monsieur, say no more, I comprehend it all!"

"Clear up this mystery, then; convince me of the innocence of Veronique, and if she thinks my hand worthy of her acceptance, I am ready to lead her to the altar."

"But," said Babet, assuming a serious air, "our humble condition——"

De Versanai eagerly interrupted her: "So far from that being an obstacle, it heightens my desire to call her my wife."

"Oh, poor marquis!" cried Babet, "you are then doomed to disappointment; for even if Veronique should consent to be yours, how will you prevail upon yourself to accept of her hand, when you learn that the supposed Veronique Cloup has the misfortune to be really Madame de Rossily, the affluent niece of your friend Monsieur Florimond?"

Our readers will easily conceive the revolution which these words occasioned in the feelings of De Versanai; convinced at the same moment of the innocence of his mistress, and of her affection for himself, his rapture exceeded all bounds. He embraced the good nurse, upon whom he forced a valuable ring; he would have added his purse to the gift, but Babet resolutely rejected it, and scarcely less pleased than himself, she hastened home to communicate what had passed to Veronique.

It was perhaps the first time that she received a chiding from her lady. Madame was, as she declared, very angry indeed with Babet for revealing her name. She had scarcely expressed her anger, however, when fearing she had been too severe, she told Babet, that as the mischief could not now be remedied, she forgave her; and in order that the good nurse might be convinced that she did so, she bestowed upon her some valuable lace, and a tender embrace.

Need we add, that the marriage of our eccentric lovers soon took place? The Chevalier Flori-

mond gave the bride away. Felicie, finding that her guilt was discovered, was glad to bestow her hand on honest Jacques, who very readily accepted it. The marquis bestowed upon her a small portion, and a great deal of good advice, which her conduct after her marriage proved was not thrown away.

In compliance with the wish of his wife, De Versanai returned to Paris, where it was no sooner known that he was once more rich, than he became again amiable and popular: but he was no longer the dupe of professing friends; experience had rendered him prudent, and while he sought to amuse and be amused by the many, he gave his friendship and confidence only to a chosen few. His wife was always the first and dearest of his friends, and during many years of love and happiness, they continued to furnish an example—rare, alas! in high life—of a fashionable couple tenderly and devotedly attached to each other.

A DRAMATIC REPLY TO A DRAMATIC EPISTLE*.

Dear MARIAN,

I FEAR I shall not be able to accomplish *The Wish* you express, however I may prefer it, or it might be *As you Like it*, being now confined in the King's Bench prison, learning *A New Way to pay Old Debts*. I have lately made *A bold Stroke for a Husband;* but my *Two Gentlemen of Verona* shewed me, that they did not agree with the old saying, *Rule a Wife and Have a Wife*, each proving *The Old Bachelor*.

Just before my *Journey to London*, I had gained another follower; he was to be sure but a *Modern Antique*, and turned out at last *The Lame Lover*. I acted on the principle of *Hit or Miss*, and played *The Double Gallant* so well, that he was *Frightened to Death*, and sung out, like *Blaze in Amaze*, *What next?*

Though I am now here in *The School of Reform*, and consequently my active pursuit of a husband is somewhat checked, I shall soon be eased of my troubles by the aid of the Insolvent Act, and intend making my *debût* in the world as *The Mourning Bride* early in the ensuing month. *Town and Country* are my theatre of action, and when released, I make no doubt of gaining a victory equal to the *Conquest of Tarento;* that is to say, if my beauty proves not like a *Broken Sword*. I shall have a country-house at Windsor, where I hope you will join me; we will certainly make *The Devil to Pay*, and be in fact and deed *The Merry Wives of Windsor*. Before I can do this, I must find out *The Way to get Married*, or attempt *Raising the Wind* by a *Lottery Ticket*. I shall pass off for *Miss in her Teens*, and go through *The Review* of fashion as a *Minor*, and make no doubt of succeeding in my wishes. *Love, Law, and Physic* do but ill agree together; I must therefore steer clear of these, and enslave a rich *East-Indian*, or a magnificent *Nabob:* but if I can't get a better, I will e'en take *The Peasant-Boy*, being resolved to give the lie to *The Gypsies' Prophecy*, though I should be very

* See *Repository*, No. XVIII. p. 332.

lothe to put up with *The Woodman's Hut.* I hope these golden visions will end a *Midsummer's Night's Dream,* and that when arrived, I may be able to stand on the dizzy top of *The Wheel of Fortune.* When married, I shall often ask myself the question, *Is he Jealous?* and will do my best by playing *The Romp,* to make mine a *Provoked Husband.* As to the matter of whose is *The Will,* I can only say, that my husband will find a vast difference between *Three Weeks before Marriage* and *Three Weeks after Marriage.*

My brother *Octavian* is become quite *The Stranger;* and as for *Theodosius,* he is very little better than *King Lear.*

I have just been making love from the window—*Romeo and Juliet* to perfection, I assure you. My *Cher Ami* is I think rich, though confined here, and he believes I am rich; I fear between us we shall play *The Comedy of Errors.*

My brother *Othello,* who you know is lately married, has become like his namesake, jealous; he storms and raves like *Richard the Third,* and starts and jumps, and starts again, like the great king of Scotland *Macbeth.*

From the tenor of my letter you may perhaps conclude me *The Libertine,* but if I am, I assure you *I can't Help it,* being determined, as long as I live, to have *High Life below Stairs,* though I should hereafter cross *The Devil's Bridge,* and be refused a passage through *The Turnpike-Gate* upwards, or be hung, like *George Barnwell,* as a punishment for my pastime. Adieu! yours in haste, as you know I am a *Busy Body,*

ISABELLA, *The Country Girl.*

GLEANINGS ILLUSTRATIVE OF OLD CUSTOMS, MANNERS, &c.

(Continued from vol. III. *p.* 332.*)*

1735.

June 3. HER majesty has ordered Mr. Rysbrack to make the bustoes in marble of all the kings of England from William the Conqueror, in order to be placed in her new building in the gardens in Richmond. A subterranean building is by her majesty's orders carrying on at the royal gardens at Richmond, which is to be called Merlin's Cave, with astronomical figures and characters.

11*th.* Died, Mrs. Hogarth, mother of the artist, of a fright occasioned by the fire at Mrs. Callaway's, a brandy-shop in Cecil-street, St. Martin's-lane.

July 16. At the assizes at Abington, a clergyman was tried for killing a fallow deer, on April 9, in Windsor Great Forest, and which was found in his cellar. He confessed the whole matter, but alleged his dog killed it against his will. He was acquitted.

August 21. The figures her majesty has ordered for Merlin's Cave were placed there, viz. Merlin at a table, with conjuring books and mathematical instruments, taken from the face of Mr. Ernest, page to the Prince of Wales; 2d. King Henry VII.'s queen, and 3d. Queen Elizabeth, who comes to Merlin for knowledge—the former from

the face of Mrs. Margaret Purcel, and the latter from Miss Paget; 4th. Minerva, from Mrs. Poynz; 5th. Merlin's secretary, from Mr. Kemp, one of the duke's grenadiers; and 6th. A witch, from a tradesman's wife at Richmond. Her majesty has also ordered a choice collection of English books to be placed therein, and appointed Mr. Stephen Duck to be cave and library-keeper, and his wife necessary-woman there.

1736.

March 6. Died, Mrs. Callovan, relict of a famous limner: she left 150,000*l.* to charitable uses.

April 17. An experiment was tried before several of the commissioners of the Victualling-Office, relating to the salting of beef. A bullock was let blood almost to death, knocked on the head, and ripped up, the entrails taken out, and before cold, a tube was put into one of the arteries near the back, into which a strong brine being poured, it circulated through all the vessels, so that it was salted all over alike equally; for a piece of the leg and hip being cut off, the brine issued out. Some of this beef was put up and sent to sea, to try how it will keep.

27*th*. At the marriage of the Princess of Saxe-Gotha with the Prince of Wales, after supping in *ambigu*, their majesties retiring to the apartments of the Prince of Wales, the bride was conducted to her bedchamber, and the bridegroom to his dressing-room, where the duke undressed him, and his majesty did his royal highness the honour to put on his shirt. The bride was undressed by the princesses; and being put in bed in a rich undress, his majesty came into the room, and the prince following soon after, in a night-gown of silver stuff and a cap of the finest lace, the quality were admitted to see the bride and bridegroom sitting up in bed, surrounded by all the royal family, &c.

May 31. Died, Mr. Arnold, aged thirty-six, author of the political letters in the *True Briton* and *Daily Gazetteer*, signed Francis Walsingham, Esq. By his death a pension of 400*l.* per annum reverts to the crown.

June 1. The Society for the Encouragement of Learning instituted.

August 2. The first stone laid at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, the same dimensions as the side already built.

20*th*. The bakers in Dublin not liking the assize of bread made by the lord mayor, which was above 14lbs. household bread for 1s. refused to bake for two or three days, whereupon the poor people in that city were in great distress. Some had recourse to potatoes, and some bought flour to bake themselves, and found their account in it, though the bakers thought their profits too small; but the churchwardens threatened to prosecute them as having no regular visible way of living, on which they went to baking again.

30*th*. The gardens which have been making in Lincoln's Inn Fields were finished, being inclosed with iron rails, and stone pyramids fixed up at proper distances for globular lamps.

October 19. Died, George Clark, LL.D. member for Oxford, and senior fellow of All Souls College.

He left to Worcester College 4000*l.* for building a library, also six fellowships of 43*l.* per annum each, and six scholarships of 23*l.* each; his medals to the University; his fine pictures of Lords Rochester and Clarendon to be hung up in Golgotha; his house and furniture to the warden of All Souls for the time being for ever; the rest of his estate to Mr. Clarke, a young gentleman of Christ College, Oxford. T. Rawney, Esq. and Dr. Shepperd his executors.

1737.

March 5. The footmen having, on account of their rudeness, been denied entrance into the gallery they used to have allowed them, a body of them, to the number of 300, armed with offensive weapons, broke open the doors of Drury-lane playhouse. They fought their way to the stage-door, forced it open, and wounded twenty-five persons. Colonel de Veil being in the house, endeavoured to read the proclamation, but such was their violence (notwithstanding the Prince and Princess of Wales, and others of the royal family, were there), he was obstructed in the exercise of his duty. However, he caused some of the ringleaders to be seized, and, after examination, sent three of them to Newgate, upon which some had the assurance to send the following letter:

"*To Mr.* FLEETWOOD, *in Lincoln's Inn Fields, Master of the Theatre Drury-lane.*

"SIR,—We are willing to admonish you before we attempt our design, and provide you will use us civil, and admit us into our gallery, which is our property according to formalities, and if you think proper to come to a composition this way, you'll hear no further; and if not, our intention is to combine in a body *incognito*, and reduce the playhouse to the ground, valuing no detection—we are indemnified."

But a guard of fifty soldiers being appointed for several nights, the footmen made no attempts.

April 4. Died, Eustace Budgell, Esq. who finished his life by jumping out of a boat at London bridge. He appeared so much disordered for a day or two before, that his servant-maid thought proper to hide his sword. When he went away, he said he should not come home any more. He had about him, when taken up, a bank-bill of 70*l.* another of 50*l.* a note of Sir Francis Child for 20*l.* twenty guineas in money, and a gold watch. 'Tis said he expected an execution to enter the house the next day, and that he had a cause to come on at Westminster-Hall, which gave him great uneasiness. In his escrutoire was a short scrap of a will, written a day or two before, importing, that he left his natural daughter, Ann Eustace (about eleven), all his personal estate. He was a near relation to Mr. Addison, and had once a considerable post in Ireland, in consequence of the reputation he acquired by writing the *Spectators* signed by the letter X. The coroner's jury brought him in lunatic.

May 21. Married, Mr. Glover, author of *Leonidas*, to Miss Nunn, worth 10,000*l.*

September 30. The stalls, &c. in Stocks Market being pulled down, the lord mayor proclaimed Fleet Market a free market.

November 1. Several masters of coffee-houses having represented that the Sessions paper was too dear, his lordship sent for the printer, who was told he must lower his price to 3d.; but he pleading it was impossible to give so full an account of the proceedings for that price, considering what he had paid for it, his lordship (Sir John Barnard) generously gave up the 120 guineas of late years paid to the lord mayor for the same.

10*th*. Died, Dr. Dwight, author of several curious treatises on physic, at Fulham. He was the first that found out the secret to colour earthenware like china.

1738.

February 10. Oxford. This being St. Scolatius' day, a certain number of the principal burgesses did publicly pay each one penny, in token of their submission to the orders and rights of the University. The occasion of the custom and offering was a barbarous and bloody outrage, committed by the citizens in the reign of Edward III. against the persons and goods of several scholars, which drew a great and just amercement upon the criminals. The city pretended they were not able to pay the fine without their utter ruin, and did humbly pray, and at last obtained, mitigation from the University. An annual payment of 100 marks was then accepted; and this, by the further favour of the University, was changed into a small yearly acknowledgment, viz. that the mayor and sixty-two townsmen, as had been sworn that year to preserve the privileges of the University, should yearly, upon this day, repair to St. Mary's church, and should then and there offer sixty-three pence, in memory of the barbarous murder of sixty-three scholars.

(To be continued.)

ON AN ENIGMATICAL LETTER IN THE SEVENTEENTH NUMBER OF THE REPOSITORY.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

I HAVE seen in your *Repository* a sort of punning letter, of which I have a copy that has several different readings, which I here transmit. It is said to have been written by Mr. H. Bunbury to Mr. R. Nares, and is dated Wynnstay.

" *Expensive Wig*,

" A gentleman with a fly in his eye before a mug Kamschatka or billy for ever sir with your papa's sister an ill bred replying set as in the devil you to a capital bird with sixty minutes and a landlord a pitcher full of little ones in a napkin my lord alter your fire-place verdant calf in my yard and Quaker fine gentleman bagnio has sinister the genitive case his son of a plumb-cake no girl cutting parsley in the kitchen between April and June before the great man-midwife with a dish to cover them fetch it and put your hand upon a model of Paris and a sunburnt Israelite a buck of mine tumbled down nanty Bolen I must beg you neither to make ready or fire my respects to your white fiddle tenor bass hautboy (I have now like

Guy's cow) ten o'clock no more no rain and starlight.

"P. S. The great stake of wood cannot ounce the first day in a frying-pan you will a d—n'd falsehood hear from Sir Watkin put it what is past."

As there are so many variations, I conclude neither copy is correct; mine is without punctuation: it is impossible to conjecture how far it may lead the ingenuity of commentators! I have spent more time in trying to decipher it, than would have served me to translate four times as much from any language of Europe; nay, I believe I should have found a page of Persian or Arabic comparatively easy. I can add very little, in the way of solving the riddle, to the labours of your correspondent T. J.: the following passages, taking the reading which appears to me best, are all I can supply.

"Sixty minutes and a landlord:"—Our (hour) host.

"Never hit verdant calf is at my yard and quarter fine gentleman:"—Miss Greenveal (Grenville?) is at my elbow (ell, beau).

"Bagnio has sinister the genitive case:"—Bath has left off——.

"Between April and June:"—May.

"The great man-midwife:"—Perhaps the deliverer of Europe.

"A buck of mine tumbled down:"—My dear (deer) fellow (fell low).

"I must beg you neither to make ready or fire my respects to your white fiddle tenor bass hautboy:"—I must beg you to present my respects to your fair consort (concert).

"(I have now like Guy's cow):"—I have now done (dun) with crotchets, [ ].

"No rain and starlight:"--Adieu (a dew), and good night.

"The first day in a frying-pan you will a d—n'd falsehood hear from Sir Watkin:"—The first Friday (fried day) you will positively (positive lie) hear from Sir Watkin.

Hoping through your Magazine to obtain a correct copy of this specimen of occult science, I remain, sir, yours, &c.

E. C.

May 4.

THE FEMALE TATTLER.

No. XIX.

O blest with temper, whose unclouded ray
Can make to-morrow happy as to day.——Pope.

I SHALL not attempt the definition of what is generally considered to be a good temper, because this paper will illustrate it by a very well-written and contrasted example. Besides, I do not chuse to forestal a little work of my own, which amuses my leisure hours, and will be introduced to the public under the title of a *Dictionary of Mental Anatomy*, in which all the moral and intellectual qualities of the human mind and character will be fully defined, in a due course of classification. Good temper will consequently be one of them; and to this work I take the liberty of referring my readers, when it shall

issue from the press: and if any of my intelligent correspondents would be so indulgent as to favour me with any hints, information, or opinions which they may think will tend to the accuracy, and consequent utility, of my proposed work, I shall consider myself as greatly indebted for such instances of their favourable sentiments respecting my work and myself.

The correspondent who has favoured me with the following essay, is, I am confident, peculiarly qualified to afford me the assistance which I have requested ; and I may, perhaps, indulge the expectation, that the advantages resulting from such communication may be granted to me. That I have good reason for expressing my wishes on the occasion, will appear from the understanding, good sense, and knowledge of the human character, which appear in the following production, together with that elegance of imagination, which at once enlivens and adorns it. I now leave my readers to appreciate its merits; and I flatter myself that few of them will be contented with one perusal of it.

A good temper is a chief ingredient of human happiness. It seems, indeed, in some measure to be born with us ; though it may be sometimes acquired by art, and will always be improved by culture, as it will be perfected by religion. Almost every object that solicits attention has its bright and its dark side : and they who habituate themselves to look at the unpleasant side of things, are in danger of souring their dispositions, and consequently of impairing their happiness ; while they who contemplate objects on their bright side, insensibly meliorate their tempers, increase their comforts, and, which is the natural effect of such habits, improve their own happiness, as well as add to that of all those with whom they are engaged in the associations of life.

Barbara and Selina are ladies of birth, fortune, education, and accomplishments, who have maintained an intimate acquaintance with each other from their early years, and they are now no longer young, to the period of life which they have at present attained. They also originally resembled each other in temper, but by indulging in different habits and yielding to opposite inclinations, they are at length become the reverse in that particular.

Barbara has accustomed herself to regard the unfavourable side of every object; and, indeed, so far does she carry this propensity, that instead of dwelling on imperfections where they do appear, she strives to search them out where they do not immediately present themselves. If a new poem is published, or a new play is brought forward on the theatre, though they may have numerous beauties, she will pass them over, to rest upon their imperfections; will slightly skim over the passages, or be inattentive to the parts that should give her pleasure, and dwell only upon those that she can venture to disapprove. If she looks at a portrait, though the face is perfectly like, and admirably painted, she will find fault with some useless fold in the drapery, or discover that the thumb-nail perhaps is not correctly represented. Her garden is laid

out with great taste, and is enriched with the finest trees, the most odoriferous shrubs, and the most beautiful flowers; but when she attends you through it, you hear of nothing but storms and blights, of snails and caterpillars. When she has conducted you to a seat or a building that commands a very delightful prospect, she discovers that there is too much or too little water, too great an exposure to the sun, or that it is too much in the shade; that to be sure her place is very delightful, but then there is no such thing as comfortable enjoyment out of the house in such a variable and uncertain climate as that of England. In her house the ill state of her health, the plague of servants, or some unpleasant family occurrence, becomes the subject of her conversation; so that she not only talks herself into low spirits, but her company into silence; and then she observes, that she is particularly unfortunate in having the most stupid and uninteresting set of acquaintance in the whole circuit of society.

But we shall now proceed to Selina, who is the reverse of the foregoing character. She, on the contrary, sees every thing in the most favourable point of view; and by such a direction of her mind secures her own happiness, and communicates it to all around her. If any untoward events befal her, she considers that they might have been worse, and is thankful that they are not so. She does not complain of solitude when circumstances require it, or accidents produce it, as it affords her the opportunity of improving reflection; and she is pleased with society, because she loves her fellow-creatures, and it gives her an occasion to communicate to them the happiness she enjoys. She opposes every one's virtues to his failings, and always endeavours to prove the superiority of the former over the latter. Nay, she will, with that humane and benevolent disposition which characterizes her, contrive to find something to praise in the most indifferent characters. She never looks into an author but with a desire to receive entertainment, or to reap instruction; and therefore never fails to find one or the other, and is frequently so happy as to be sensible of both. In her views of art or nature, she always looks for their beauties. She will dwell on the common herbage of the meadow, and examine the variety which is displayed on the surface, and will descant with delight on the wild flowers of the hedge. She considers the benefit that may be derived from the fluctuations of the weather and the diversity of the seasons, being convinced that they all, in their course and their change, are productive of general advantage, and conduce in some degree to the health of man and the convenience of life. Her conversation is never rendered displeasing by an account of her own grievances, nor is it ever charged with the faults, the follies, or imperfections of others. If unfavourable observations flow from severe or envious tongues, for such she must occasionally encounter, she always endeavours to lessen their rigour, or give a new turn to the conversation. Thus, while Barbara, like the spider, sucks venom, Selina extracts honey from every object to which their different na-

tures direct them. Thus these two tempers find their natural condition. The one is always dissatisfied, and of course ever uneasy; while the other offers the contrast of gaiety and cheerfulness. The one communicates a certain gloom, and the other a perpetual sunshine.

Thus it appears how essential *good temper* is to happiness. This is a truth universally felt, and as universally acknowledged, even by those who are not remarkable for the possession of it, though they will sometimes qualify their praise by denominating it an amiable weakness: nay, the title of a harmless, good-natured person, is not generally supposed to convey any superior quality as belonging to the persons to whom it is applied.

In conversation, as well as life, happiness very often depends upon the slightest incidents. It, therefore, becomes us to attend to the most trifling circumstances in the social habit of domestic life. The brightness of the sky, the lengthening of the days, the increasing verdure of the spring, in short, whatever promotes cheerful thoughts and pleasing ideas, should ever be studiously adopted in our colloquial communications with each other. Good manners demand these attentions from us towards those with whom we are accustomed to associate. The unreflecting clown may repine at the sunshine which ripens his harvest, the grand source of his support, because it may prove unfavourable to some article of inferior cultivation; but he who is endowed with superior powers of reflection, will extract pleasure from the thunder-storm, when he considers the refreshment which nature may receive from the shower that accompanies it.

Thus good manners, as well as good sense, direct us to look at every object on the bright side; and by thus acting, we cherish and improve both the one and the other. By adopting and unceasingly practising this conduct, Selina has acquired the character not only of superior understanding, but of being an example of the most polished manners: and thus it is, that every one may attain that easy, social benevolence, whose natural consequence is social happiness.

I have received a curious letter from a lady, who is rather violent in her expressions of displeasure at the frequent abuse in the public prints, of the prevailing disposition in the world of ton and fashion to adopt the *costume* of the French in their dress and modes of personal decoration. I shall not enter into all her reasons for defending this practice, because I would not expose her folly, nor disgust my readers with such a detail of fantastical nonsense as her epistle contains, though not altogether devoid of pleasant vivacity. I have been a traveller in my day, and know how to distinguish between the artificial appearance of the Frenchwomen and the native attractions of my own countrywomen; but it is not my present object to enlarge upon the superiority of the latter, which I could do, from the most perfect conviction of it, and with equal propriety expose the folly of sacrificing nature to art, and a becoming decoration to fallacious blandishments: I mean merely to surprise my readers with the ter-

mination of my fashionable correspondent's letter, which rests its concluding authority for the support of its opinion in favour of the subserviency it professes to foreign influence in female dress, from antiquarian research. It is as follows:

"But after all, the justly celebrated and glorious reign of Queen Elizabeth was the precise period when foreign fashions for female dress were originally introduced. But as in a matter of so much consequence, reference is made to remote history, a woman's word may not be taken, I shall therefore make good my assertion by quoting an original letter written by Sir William Cecil, afterwards Lord Burleigh, to Sir Henry Norris, Queen Elizabeth's ambassador at the court of France. This letter is stated by the gentleman, a well known and highly esteemed antiquarian, to whom I am indebted for it, to have been published in the year 1663, among a collection of state papers, called *Scrinia Ceciliana* (I hope I have written the words right), or Mysteries of Government, and accordingly offer it to your perusal.

"SIR,

"The queen's majesty would fain have a taylor that has skill to make her apparel both after the French and Italian manner, and she thinketh that you might use some means to obtain some one such there as serveth the queen, without mentioning any manner of request in the queen's majesty's name. First, to cause my lady your wife to use some such means to get one, as thereof knowledge might not come to the queen-mother's ears, of whom the queen's majesty thinketh thus: that if she did understand that it were a matter wherein her majesty might be pleasured, she would offer to send one to the queen's majesty: nevertheless, if it cannot be so obtained by this indirect means, then her majesty would have you devise some other good means to obtain one that were skilful. Yours in all truth,

"W. CECIL."

"I have, indeed, always heard, that good Queen Bess was most attentive to the decoration of her person, as this letter indeed sufficiently proves; and surely so reasonable and highly informed a lady as the *Female Tattler* appears to be, cannot blame me, or indeed any young woman in fashionable life, for following such an example as that afforded by the wisest princess, as I am told historians represent her to be, of any age or any country. Indeed, the object of this letter is to check the vulgar impertinence of those, who, under a pretence that they are devoted to the honour of Old England, the interests of its trade, and the glory of its constitution, propose to deprive Englishwomen of the liberty of setting off English beauty to the utmost possible advantage, by the due adjustment of dress to form and feature—an art that has been the boast of the French at least, as the song says, 'from good old Bessy's golden days.' I doubt not, madam, but that you will confirm an opinion acknowledged by all genuine judges of taste and real admirers of female charms. I am, with great respect, the Female Tattler's obedient servant,

"FRANCES HIGHLIFE."

"No. 1, A-la-mode-Place."

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE ART OF LITHOGRAPHY.

(Concluded from vol. III. p. 344.)

Those who have devoted themselves to the art of engraving on copper, will find that engraving on stone seems to have the advantage over copper-plate engraving, because its strokes are not so sharp, and have more resemblance to drawing.

2dly. The strokes need not be cut to so great a depth by far in stone as in copper.

3dly. By means of instruments adapted for the purpose, the different breadths of the strokes may be produced very easily and at once: whereas in copper a broad, deep stroke cannot be obtained without many repeated efforts.

4thly. The stone admits of all the different kinds of work that copper does. The artist may work upon it just as well with the etching-needle as with the dry-point and the graver; but what is called the dotted manner, does not succeed so well upon stone. All these various manners may be employed together upon one plate, because the preparation of the stone remains the same in every case, and therefore less time is required than for engraving on copper.

May not this highly important art, which seems pregnant with the germs of an extraordinary revolution in the arts in general, but in the production of fac-similes of ancient and modern manuscripts, and the most perfect imitations of black letter and wood-cuts, in particular, which not only excites universal interest, but entwines a new and unfading flower in the wreath of German genius, also pave the way to new discoveries in cotton-printing, in the manufacture of tapestry, and more especially in paper-staining?

By the aid of the elements, machines invented by the ingenuity of man are set in motion, and might then be kept in constant activity by means of lithography. The establishment of such a manufactory would confer immortality on the name of the founder. A manufactory of all the different kinds of paper could not fail to be a profitable undertaking. A new mode of notation for music, with white marks on a black ground, would not be uninteresting.

It is only in the bosom of peace that the fine arts can flourish. The experience of all ages has confirmed this truth; and a glance at the history of the arts will be sufficient to produce a conviction of it. The iron scourge of war seemed to have scared these ministers to the higher enjoyments of life, during a long series of years, from almost every country. The tempest, however, is now past, and an epoch is gradually opening, which presents a cheering prospect to the fine arts, and with them to the refinements of life, among all the civilized nations of the globe.

It is hoped that these hints may not only serve as an invitation to reflection and co-operation to all those who feel an interest in the improvement of this new branch of art, but also direct the attention of

the lovers of the arts to what might be accomplished by means of suitable establishments.

Already has many an art born in a foreign country, been nursed and brought to maturity in Great Britain. We trust that the success of lithography will reward those efforts which justify great expectations, and that not only the wants of the moment, but also the higher requisites of the art, will be worthily supplied.

The specimen of lithographic art for this month, is a slight etching by an amateur; and how far etching may be carried, is very visible.—*See page* 41.

MUSICAL REVIEW.

Mozart's favourite Air, "Fin ch' han dal Vino," with an Introduction and Variations for the Piano-Forte, composed, and dedicated to Miss Liebenrood, by J. B. Cramer. Pr. 4s.

WE need not inform our readers, that the air which forms the subject of these variations, is the incomparably beautiful and original song in the opera *Il Don Giovanni*, given with such a flow of life and spirits by Mr. Ambrogretti, at the King's Theatre, as to electrify the audience. It is none of the best themes for variations, but the alterations, or rather curtailments in the melody, resorted to by Mr. Cramer, render it more available for that purpose. Mr. C. has also changed the key from B b to C, and the time from *prestissimo* to *allegretto moderato:* but we would advise the player still to be as sparing of slow motion in this piece as his fingers will let him. The variations are not unworthy of Mr. C.'s muse, but they no not appear to us to be equal to his best performances of this description (perhaps owing to the theme). Their number is considerable (not less than nine), and the preponderance of the common chord of C is sensibly felt. The variations which made a preferable impression upon us are, No. 1.; it is melodious, and flows on in a smooth and tasteful style: No. 2. is rendered conspicuous by the good bass; and No. 5. by the peculiarity of its character, and the skill with which the melody is amplified into semiquavered passages of good connection. No. 8. although but distantly hinting at the theme, has our unqualified approbation; it is in A minor, in serious mood, and treated with feeling. No. 9. is of no great import, but it ends with a good coda.

La Biondina in Gondoletta, a favourite Air, with Variations for the Piano-Forte, and an Accompaniment for the Flute, ad libitum, composed, and dedicated to his Friend J. Mazzinghi, Esq. by T. Latour. Pr. 5s.

The well-known Venetian national air which Mr. L. has adopted for the basis of the present publication, is not only very proper for such a purpose, but in itself extremely attractive. Although his variations have given us much satisfaction, we must confess we should have been more pleased had their number fallen short of a round dozen. We are aware that there are numerous precedents of the highest authority in favour of

even greater liberality; but, in our opinion, the very aim at variety ends in sameness, when the identical object is exhibited under too many various forms. An article of food dressed up in a dozen various ways, or a theatrical performer appearing successively in as many different characters, would at last become tedious even to those who admired the ingenuity and skill displayed on the occasion. As our limits do not admit of a detailed notice, we shall content ourselves with adverting to two or three of the variations before us. No. 4. is devised with much neatness and taste; its alternate responses between the two hands are well imagined and cleverly arranged. No. 6. exhibits some capital bass evolutions, likewise in responsive alternation with the treble: the appearance *only* of this variation seems to threaten difficulties, but the passages, like the generality of Mr. Latour's works, adapt themselves admirably to the hand. In the andante (var. 9.), delicacy of expression is a distinguishing feature. Two or three variations assign the melody to the flute, in the absence of which the piano-forte is made to supply its place. Of those, var. 7. requires more particularly our favourable notice.

Air, "I love thee, Twilight," by Miss E. E. Hammond, with Variations for the Piano-Forte, by William Crotch, Mus. Doc. Professor of Music in the University of Oxford. Pr. 2s.

Miss Hammond's air, which, in the publication before us, Dr. Crotch has honoured by a most elaborate treatment, consists of a very plain melody, exhibited in a single strain of twelve bars, in the eighth of which there appears to lurk a want of rhythmical repose. On these homely materials Dr. C. seems to us to have tried his strength, in an experiment to what extent he might satisfy even the epicure in music, by the highest possible seasoning, drawn from the deepest store of harmonic science, and bestowed with profuse liberality. We admire the skill and ingenuity of the undertaking, but the effect, in our opinion, is not commensurate with either the quantity or the quality of the meritorious labour exerted on the occasion. We observe that Dr. C. who may justly boast to have been among the first to mark the *tempi* of the movements by the pendulum, still employs *English* inches for the scale of velocity, although the invention of *Maelzel's Metronome* is now almost universally adopted in this country as well as on the Continent. Not to dwell on the unsatisfactory vibration of a ball suspended by a string (especially when short), it must be obvious, that a measure founded on *English* inches cannot conveniently be understood abroad; and surely Dr. C. has produced works, the sphere of which ought not to be limited to England alone. When we are in possession of an *universal* standard of musical time, why not avail ourselves of it?

A Solo for the Flute, with an Accompaniment for the Piano-Forte, composed, and inscribed to his Friend A. Ireland, by A. Howship, principal Flute at Drury-lane Theatre. Pr. 3s.

It affords us the greater pleasure to speak well of this solo, as it is the first publication from the above

author that has come under our critical notice. It consists of an allegretto and rondo in F major, separated by a short adagio in F minor. The allegretto is throughout very satisfactory; it combines agreeable melodious expression with proper and tasteful passages; and the modulations in the second strain are creditable specimens of Mr. H.'s science. The adagio is short, but highly pathetic and elegant; and the latter praise is eminently due to the polacca which forms the last movement. Its subject is particularly neat and engaging; but we must observe, that, conformably to the peculiar character of a polacca, the close of the first strain ought to have been effected with the dissonance placed on the *accented* part of the last bar, not on the last and unaccented crotchet of the bar preceding. The whole of this solo is conceived in the best modern style, and shews that the author has rendered himself familiar with the most approved works of the few classic authors that have written for his instrument. The flute part, without being intricate, requires, nevertheless, a good player; and the piano-forte forms a desirable support of harmony, which latter is both correct and effective.

The favourite Overture to the grand Ballet "L'Amour et la Folie," in which is introduced a popular French Air, as performed at the King's Theatre, composed and arranged for the Piano-Forte, with an Accompaniment for the Flute (ad lib.) by F. J. Klose. Pr. 3s.

Mr. K. whom we have hitherto introduced to our readers chiefly as a lyric composer, has shewn by this overture, that he is not unequal to efforts of a higher order. We have heard it more than once at the King's Theatre with every advantage of perfect execution, and were so pleased with it, that on our way home we successfully tried to recall to our memory some of its passages. Impressions of this kind may generally be considered as strong tests of the value of compositions; music which we do not remember after the performance, has seldom strong claims on our recollection. The character of this overture is that of lively gaiety, and borders on the French style. Setting out with a subject of this description, it proceeds in the same spirit, without ever assuming airs of affected consequence. All is lightsome, smooth, and agreeable. The dolce (*p.* 2), in imitation of the subject, and the further change of it to F ✕ minor (*p.* 3), deserve our commendation. A little of the *recherché* occurs, *p.* 5, in the enharmonic substitution of A b for G ✕, and *vice versa* afterwards, to get into smooth water again. The thing itself is managed quite in a workmanlike manner, so that it would be a pity to find fault with it: indeed, all that could be said would be, that the idea is rather at variance with the general playful character of the overture, and brought in too near the conclusion. The arrangement for the piano-forte is of the easiest kind; hence, probably, we may account for some very plain bass parts: in the harmony, too, we have met with one or two oversights. In the same ballet, we remarked some other movements, which, if they are likewise from Mr. K.'s pen, do him much credit.

Six Airs grotesque for the Piano-Forte, composed by D. Steibelt. Pr. 4s. Preston, Strand.

Why the epithet *grotesque* should have been given to the six pieces under consideration, we are puzzled to guess; we expected to find all sorts of compositorial eccentricities and whims in them, but were agreeably disappointed. The airs which form the themes of these pieces, with the exception of No. 3. which is somewhat remarkable, and perhaps No. 4. are conspicuous for their attractive melodies, and a treatment which is regular and void of any whim or affectation. We have been delighted with all of them; they shew, like most other works of Mr. S. that he is one of the very few who may be said to have been born composers. In point of melody, he has few rivals among his living colleagues; but his style is not always distinguished by purity of musical diction, as these airs themselves might vouch in a few instances. Since, however, the errors in that respect are never of the gross kind, the pleasure derived from his excellencies suffers no diminution. We will not institute a comparison between the six airs in this book; they are all interesting; and what renders them still more valuable, they present no difficulties of exection. A twelvemonth's course of proper instruction ought to form a pupil capable of playing this music.

The Medley Overture to the Pantomime of Harlequin Horner, or the Christmas-Pie, as performed at the Theatre Royal Drury-lane, composed and arranged for the Piano-Forte, and inscribed to his Friend Mr. Joseph Sharp, by T. Cooke. Pr. 2s. 6d.

Mr. T. Cooke has so firmly established his name in the musical circles of London by the opera of "Frederic the Great," which he composed about three years ago for the Lyceum, that it is a matter of regret his talents are not more frequently devoted to the composition of entire operas. Many detached songs and chorusses, which have since been written by him for Drury-lane Theatre, met with deserved success; but our wish is directed to some great work from his pen. As to the overture before us, although it is hardly fair to exercise criticism on a musical piece which is intended to introduce Harlequin Horner and his Christmas-pie to the young misses and masters from school, we are bound to say, that the slow movement, and the allegro which follows upon it, are of a stamp considerably above the generality of pieces of this description. The style of the former, and the subject of the latter, have our unqualified approbation. These two movements are succeeded by a solo for the flute, an allegro consisting of various favourite sprightly dance subjects, and a lively rondo, also made up of a dance tune; all according to a long-established custom, which allows ever so many movements in a pantomime-overture.

The vocal Music sung in the new Tragedy called "The Apostate," at the Theatre Royal Covent-Garden, composed and arranged by Henry R. Bishop. Pr. 2s. 6d.

The pieces contained in this publication are, a prayer to Allah sung by Master Barnett, followed by a

short chorus of devout Mussulmans, and a hymn for four voices. The former is a fine pathetic composition, conceived in the best style of the *preghiera* of the Italian school. The hymn, too, does great credit to Mr. Bishop's talent; the melody is impressive, and the parts are arranged with skill and attention to effect. We cannot omit noticing the beautiful line of instrumental symphony at the end of the hymn, which reminds us of a passage somewhat similar in one of Mozart's works, the *Requiem* we think.

" *The Barber of Bagdat*," *a Song, with an Accompaniment for the Piano-Forte; the Words by Mrs. J. Cobbold from a MS. Opera of* THE EMIR OF BALBEC; *composed, and dedicated to E. Cobbold, Esq.* by J. F. Danneley. Pr. 2s.

A comic song, and vulgarity of musical expression bawled off in the blessed $\frac{6}{8}$ gallop, are ideas so nearly associated, that an exception to the almost universal rule does one's heart good. The Barber of Bagdad belongs to the latter number: without grossness or hacknied thoughts, it possesses humour and instances of select harmonic combination, which shew that Mr. D.'s pen has been guided by sense and judgment. The idea of the alternate imitations between the voice and accompaniment is quite in its place, although in its execution a greater degree of mellowness in the arrangement might have been attained: the third bar is somewhat harsh, the double fifth E ♭, B ♭, F, ought to have been avoided. The close of the period, " Science was shewn," is also unsatisfactory. On the other hand, we are much pleased with the passage, " He whipt out a tooth;" the *minore* is extremely well conceived, and as well carried through; and in the farther progress of the song, as well as in the concluding symphony, we find much room for approbation.

GERMAN NATIONAL MELODIES. *The Airs selected by Charles Baron Arnim; the introductory Symphonies for the Piano-Forte* by J. Mazzinghi. No. 2. of vol. I. Pr. 13s.; or two numbers in one vol. 21s.

In the fourth number of the Second Series of the *Repository*, we have given an account of the former part, and the plan, of this interesting work. The contents of the present portion are as follow:

1. " Hark, how sad the night winds sigh:" the translation by *S. Tolfrey*, Esq. the music by *Zumsteg*. A beautiful air, replete with originality of expression.

2. " The Soldier's Farewell:" translated from the German song of *Körner** by *W. Monson*, Esq. the music by *Wüstenberg*. A pathetic composition of great merit.

3. " The Hunter:" translated by the Hon. *W. Spencer*, the music by *Zelter*. A short, but very animated hunting-song.

4. " The Rat-Catcher:" translated from the German of *Goethe* by *E. B. Impey*, Esq. composed by *Ellis*. Pleasing, but not particularly original.

5. " Indifference and Affection:" translated from the German of *Goethe* by Major *Hughes*. The music, by Baron *Arnim*, is, very properly, a walz of great simplicity of

* For some account of this celebrated young poet, who sang, fought, and died for his country, see the *Repository*, No. LXX. First Series (Oct. 1814).

style, agreeable and melodious, but the ideas are not new. Part of it is set *à due*.

6. "Remuneration:" composed by *Sterkel*, translated by *W. Tighe*, Esq. An elegant air, of much tender feeling.

7. "The Shepherd's Complaint:" composed by *Louisa Reichard*, translated by *W. Tighe*, Esq. from the German of *Goethe*. Neatly melodious, without striking novelty.

8. "Longing for Happiness:" composed by *Hurka*, translated from the German of *Schiller* by the Hon. *W. Spencer*. An air of the most affecting simplicity.

9. "Changes of Time:" composed by *Himmel*, translated from the German of *Kotzebue* by *E. B. Impey*, Esq. Attractive on account of its lively and artless melody.

10. "Sorrows and Pleasure:" composed by *Reichard*, translated from the German of *Goethe* by *E. B. Impey*, Esq. A short, but impressive canzonet.

From the preceding catalogue of contents, it will be seen that Baron Arnim's choice, both in a musical and poetical point of view, does him credit; Mr. Mazzinghi's share in the work is equally deserving of commendation; and the poetical version of the German texts (the most important and arduous part of the undertaking), is throughout satisfactory, and, in some instances, truly admirable. Elegance of diction is joined with a faithful adherence to the sense and spirit of the original.

A second Set of two Walzes, and a Bolero for the Piano-Forte, composed, and dedicated to Miss Hale, by W. Eavestaff. Pr. 3s.

Although Mr. E.'s taste and musical talent are as conspicuous in this publication, as in his first set of walzes, noticed in No. XVII. of the *Repository*, we prefer the last mentioned upon the whole. The walz No. 1. in the present book, has a good subject; the inner part of the treble is well imagined; the trio is not original, but neatly varied; and the responsive passages in the bass (*p.* 3), demand our approbation. In No. 2. we equally approve of a similar treatment of the theme; the second strain is rather common, but the passages it contains flow in good connection: the first strain of the trio calls for unmingled commendation. No. 3. (the bolero) is throughout satisfactory; the strain in A major (*p.* 6,) very interesting, and still more so the strain in G major.

Mozart's celebrated Walz, with Variations for the Piano-Forte, and Flute Accompaniment, composed by J. Purkis. Pr. 2s.

We have every reason to be satisfied with this specimen of Mr. P.'s muse. The first variation consists of well-arranged triplets; the second strain is *concertante*; and those that follow are tastefully conceived. No. 2. (flute solo) claims the same commendation. No. 3. is cast into easy and well-linked demisemiquaver passages. In No. 4. an attempt has been made to force the $\frac{3}{4}$ subject into $\frac{4}{4}$ measure; unsuccessfully, *we* think! The melody drags unrhythmically. The fifth and last variation, in quick time, is spirited, and merges adroitly into a proper coda. The harmony, with the exception of one or two oversights, is pure and effective. The walz itself, although generally attributed here to Mozart, is not from his pen; but he has made few better ones.

The Quadrille Instructor, containing Directions for dancing a variety of new Quadrilles, adapted to original Music, and arranged for the Piano-Forte, Harp, or Violin, by Thomas Wilson. Pr. 7s. 6d.

In a musical point of view, this publication would scarcely fall within the sphere of our critical functions; but as the dance of which it treats has gained great ascendency in the circles of fashion, it may be acceptable to many of our fair readers to be informed, that the book before us contains, as far as we are able to judge, ample and perspicuous instructions for quadrille dances in general, and special directions for quadrilles of various kinds. The figures and steps are not only carefully described, but illustrated by numerous diagrams. The tunes appear to us to be of French origin, and the melody is supported by a bass accompaniment.

The celebrated and fashionable Dance "La Batteuse," with the various Figures correctly explained, arranged for the Piano-Forte or Violin, by Thomas Wilson. Pr. 3s.

This publication may be considered as a sequel to the foregoing. It treats very minutely on the correct execution of the quadrille called *La Batteuse*, and, like the Quadrille Instructor, assists the directions by choregraphic figures. The tune, which Mr. W. has added, is of a peculiar construction, having ten bars in each strain. We are surprised Mr. W. does not avail himself of Maelzel's Metronome, as hinted on a former occasion, to indicate the precise time in which this and other dances are to be played. In dances, the tempo is a matter of great importance, and the Metronome furnishes an instant and infallible guide in this respect.

"Down in the Valley my Father dwells," sung by Miss Kelly at the Theatre Royal Drury-lane, written and composed by the Author of the Baronet's Choice. Pr. 2s.

Our critical pen has for some months past been periodically employed upon ballads furnished by the fertile muse of this anonymous author, and another remains in our portfolio for future consideration. What we have hitherto said, as to general complexion of melody and harmony, applies fully to this. The amenity and proper rhythmical arrangement of the former evince natural talent, while the harmony bespeaks the absence of sound theory. With this qualification, we state our approbation of *ll.* 4 and 5 of the voice part, especially *l.* 5, where "My father, poor man," is affectingly expressed. The two next lines want, more than any others, harmonic correctness, and the voice goes too high for the generality of singers; to the juvenile class of whom the poetry, from its simplicity and moral tendency, may be fitly recommended. "To fill a basket from the water" sounds a little paradoxical, and might remind some persons of the tubs of the Danäides: we suppose cresses to be understood.

A Divertimento for the Harp, with an Accompaniment (ad lib.) for the Piano-Forte or Flute, composed and respectfully dedicated to the Hon. Lady Louisa Lambton, by Ph. J. Meyer. Pr. 4s.

A prelude, an andante, and a rondo in F major, in all of which good taste, proper style, agreeable

Painted by P. Breughel.

CONCERT OF CATS

Etched on Stone by an Amateur.

R. Ackermann's Lithography. July. 1817.

melody, and correct harmony, are never lost sight of. There is nothing which savours of deep study, nothing in the shape of contrapuntal nicety; but an even flow of pleasing ideas, regularity of arrangement, adequate treatment, and satisfactory developement of thoughts, proclaim a well organized musical ear, cultivated by classic models. The andante, in particular, has afforded us much real gratification; it is a chaste movement. As the whole presents not one passage of intricate execution, this is precisely the kind of music which ought to be set before the student that has successfully extricated himself from the course of elementary instruction.

Plate 5.—THE CONCERT OF CATS.

Addressed to Madame Cat—alani.

(WITH A SPECIMEN OF LITHOGRAPHIC ART.)

Among the wonders, as we're told,
That were produced in days of old,
Orpheus, with his magic lyre,
Could e'en the forest brutes inspire;
Could charm the bear and the baboon
To figure in a rigadoon.
Amphion's fiddle did but call,
When stones leap'd up and form'd a wall,
That round *Thebes'* famous city rose,
To bid defiance to its foes.
Arion also had a wish
To ride a-cockhorse on a fish;
And when his harp his wants proclaim,
Up from the flood a dolphin came,
And said, Sweet sir, you may bestride me,
And safely 'cross the ocean ride me.
But still it is a stranger thing
For Cats to fiddle and to sing,
And that their notes should have the charm
E'en Mice of terror to disarm;
Who from their holes, in due decorum,
Come forth to skip and dance before 'em,
Frisk it, quite fearless of all ill,
In am'rous waltz and gay quadrille.
But nature still will have its way;
Grimalkin sings but to betray:
The mewing fiddlers only wait
Till their strange songs have form'd the bait.
At once they pause—with hideous squall!
They dash upon th' affrighted ball.
After the concert thus they sup,
And eat the dance and dancers up.

THE SELECTOR:

Consisting of INTERESTING EXTRACTS from NEW POPULAR PUBLICATIONS.

THE SOLDIER'S TALE.

(*From a recent Publication by Mrs.* M'Mullan.)

In the northern province of the Emerald Isle, very near the town of Belfast, stands the farm on which the first years of my life were passed. It was my father's wish that I should be trained to pacific pursuits: I therefore proceeded to Carrickfergus, and crossed over to Glasgow, where I was entered a student in the university. The se-

cond season of my return dissolved the prospects which my father had indulged for me. I accompanied a relation on an excursion to Antrim, to see that stupendous production of nature, the Giant's Causeway. We there met two strangers, who, using the same freedom as I have just done, entered into conversation with us. They were military officers, and spoke with so much fervour of their profession; dwelt with such delight on the description of the various countries they had seen, and the services they had been engaged in, that I was perfectly enraptured. We dined together, and my curiosity was so kindled, that it soon tended to give our conversation the same tenour it had assumed while we were resting on the basaltic pillars of Fingal. They told me of Seringapatam; of Egypt's burning sands, and Maida's glorious plain; of Abercrombie, of Baird, of Moore, and many others, whose heroic deeds I had frequently read. We parted: but a desire was created in my heart, which neither the cold counsel of the aged, nor the tame-hearted dissuasion of the timid, could subdue. I turned from Virgil's peaceful *Georgics* to the lays of Homer and the page of Xenophon. Each day appeared an age, until I could become the Hector or the Achilles of some future Iliad, or give my name to the historian's record.

It happened that as I entered Londonderry, whither I had been sent on business for my father, a regiment was marching through. The sight was so consonant with my recently inspired feelings, that it is impossible to describe the effect produced by the martial strains of a military band, on a mind so enthusiastic as mine. A tear started in my eye, my heart palpitated, and I was riveted to the spot! Had I been at that moment possessed of a peaceful diadem, I would have exchanged it for an ensign's post, and have deemed the standard-bearer more enviable than a monarch in his robes. Every scene connected with the quiet progress of home became disgusting; every day spent in the solitude of the country was reckoned as a blank. The hunter's horn, which had hitherto awakened me to my most active delight, would now bear no comparison to the sounding bugle, summoning to arms, and calling the sons of Erin, as well as of Britain, to deeds of valour and to the palms of victory. The noisy drum, the "spirit-stirring fife," formed the concert of my dreams, and I repeated the warrior's story, until "I seemed the hero of the tale so flowingly described."

My father soon observed the new bent my inclinations had taken. He would have restrained my impatience, and have urged me to consideration; but the impulse was irresistible. Comparing me to Rasselas, he ceased to contend against my ardour; and told me, I should exchange the happy valley for the tented plain; procured a commission for me in the Prince's Native Irish, and sincerely prayed I might never have occasion to repent the choice I made. Nor have I! The glory I pursued I might possibly have acquired: as it is, I rejoice in the reflection, that I have never been defeated; never yielded my sword into the enemy's hand, nor led my fellow-soldiers to scale that

rampart which we did not ultimately win. No march appeared long; no toil, no danger to be weighed against the triumph of fixing the British standard where the enemy's flag braved our attack. Spain, Portugal, Belgium, and France, have presented in their turns opportunities for every veteran's skill, and every stripling's emulation.—The colonel of the division I served in had been a school-fellow of my father's, and he omitted no means of forwarding my wishes for distinction. I certainly looked towards a more distant return to the green hills of Erin; but I will not repine. Though war must have its victims, yet glory must have its worshippers; and I think my youthful days have been well spent, although I go home *minus* an arm.

CHARACTERS OF MADAME DE STAEL AND MADAME DE GENLIS.

(From *Lady* Morgan's "*France.*")

I had often been assured, in some literary circles at Paris, that the greatest revolution which had taken place in their literature, since the reign of Louis XIV. has occurred in the taste, talent, and style of their female writers. They still speak with rapture of the facility, the *abandonnement*, the grace of the compositions of the La Fayettes, the Sevignés, the Caylus's; and oppose them in decided superiority to the De Staëls, the Cottins, the Genlis's, and the Souzas. But the great claim to that originality of invention and combination, which constitutes the essence of genius, belongs exclusively to the modern writers. The best compositions of the female wits of the *beau siècle*, exhibited but the art of transferring the elegant gossipry, so eternally practised in their salons, to their letters, and adopting in their written accounts of the anecdotes, incidents, slanders, intrigues, and *tracasseries* of the day, the same epigrammatic point and facility of expression, which belong to the genius of their language, and which have at all times been the study, the charm, and the habit of their conversation.

The life of such a woman as Madame de Sevigné was passed in social little circles, in eternal visits, and in seeking, hearing, circulating, and transcribing all that was passing in the city or the court. Women of rank had then no domestic duties, though they had many social ties. Their infants were nursed by hirelings, their children were reared in convents, their husbands lived with the army or the court, and those profounder feelings which exercise so powerful an operation upon female intellect, remained cold and undeveloped. They read little, because the scale of modern literature was then circumscribed, and few women studied the dead languages. The whole power of their mind, therefore, was confined and levelled to the combination and recitation of the events which took place in the most frivolous, intriguing, but polished society, that ever existed. Their style was brilliant, playful,

and elegant; and it was eminently, perhaps exclusively, calculated to *éterniser la bagatelle**.

When, however, they abandoned facts for fiction, they wholly failed in their attempt; and in the world of invention there is, perhaps, nothing so cold, cumbrous, and wearisome, so out of the line of social nature, and yet so remote from the fairy regions of fancy, as the romances of Mademoiselle Scuderie, and the novels of Madame La Fayette. They soon fell by their own ponderous weight, even in an age when they had novelty to sustain them, and have now long been known by name only.

The two most celebrated female writers of France, Madame de Genlis and Madame de Staël, mark successively the progress of female intellect, and the scope given by circumstances to female talent in that country. The works of Madame de Genlis form a sort of connecting link between those women who wrote at the latter end of Louis the Fourteenth's day, and those who have appeared since the revolution. The foundress of a new genus of composition in her own language, her domestic stories are a deviation from the grave formalities of the early French novel; and stand equally free from the licentious liberties of the new, a witty but an immoral school, founded by the Marivaux, the Louvets, and the Leclos. M. de Genlis, if not the first who made works of imagination the vehicle of education, was at least the earliest of those who introduced instruction and science into tales of sentiment and passion; and the erudition which occasionally gleams through her pages, has been thought to do the honours of the head, to the exclusion of the interests of the heart; while her pure and polished style, flowing and smooth as it is, stands accused by the severity of French criticism of approaching to the studied elegance and cold precision of a professed rhetorician. It may, however, be said with great truth, that none perhaps ever wrote so well who wrote so much, or has ever blended so few faults with so many merits of style and composition. Madame de Genlis just held that place in society from her rank, her fashion, her political tendencies, and literary successes, which was most calculated to excite against her a host of enemies. Had she been more obscure as a *woman*, she would have been less severely treated as an *author*.

The genius of Madame de Staël belongs to the day and age in which it dawned, and by which it was nurtured. It partakes of their boldness and their aspirations, their freedom and their force. Fostered amidst philosophical inquiries, and political and social fermentation, its objects are naturally grand, its scope vast, its efforts vigorous. It has the energy of inspiration, and its disorder. There is in the character of Madame de Staël's compositions, something of the Delphic priestess. Sometimes mystic, not always intelligible, we still blame the *god* rather than the ora-

* Speaking of the talents of Mesdames de Staël and de Genlis, a French critic of the old school observed to me: "*Pour ces femmes là, elles se sont fait une imagination et une littérature viriles.—Madame, il y a, dans l'une et l'autre, de quoi faire trois ou quatre hommes d'esprit.*"

cle; and wish perhaps that *she* were less inspired, or *we* more intelligent.

While other writers (both male and female) in France have turned with every breeze that fluttered in the political hemisphere, Madame de Staël has steadily proceeded in the magnificent march of *genius*, governed by *principle;* and her opinions, while they are supported by all the force of female enthusiasm, derive an additional weight from the masculine independence and steadiness of their advocate.

I had to lament that Madame de Staël had left France at the moment when I entered it; and I was tantalized by invitations, which proposed my meeting her at the house of a mutual friend, at the time when imperious circumstances obliged me to return to Ireland. I thus was prevented from seeing one of the most distinguished women of the age, from whose works I had received infinite pleasure, and (as a woman I may add) infinite pride. Her character was uniformly described to me by her friends, as largely partaking of a disposition whose kindness knew no bounds; and of feelings which lent themselves, in ready sympathy, to every claim of friendship, and every call of benevolence. Among those who knew her well, the splendour of her reputation seems sunk in the popularity of her character; and "*C'est une excellente personne*"—"*C'est un bon enfant*," were epithets of praise constantly lavished on one, who has so many more brilliant claims to celebrity*!

Madame de Genlis was at Paris when I arrived there; but I was told on every side, that she had retired from the world; that she was invisible alike to friends and strangers—that, "*elle s'était jetée dans la religion!*" or that "*elle s'était mise en retraite dans une société de Capucines.*"--I had despaired therefore of seeing a person, out of whose works I had been educated, and whose name and writings were intimately connected with all my earliest associations of books and literature; when an invitation from this distinguished writer herself brought me at once to her retreat, in her convent of the Carmelites—an order recently restored with more than its original severity, and within whose walls Madame de Genlis has retired. As I drove "*aux Carmes*," it is difficult to say, whether Madame de Genlis or Madame de La Valière was uppermost in my imagination. Adjoining to the gloomy and monastic structure which incloses the Carmelite sisterhood (in barriers which even royalty is no longer permitted to pass), stands a small edifice appropriated to the lay-guest of this silent and solitary retreat. The pret-

* Both Madame de Staël and Madame de Genlis appeared to me to be rather unpopular with the royalists and *ultras:* the one, for her supposed republican principles; the other, for the part she took in the early period of the revolution. Of Madame de Staël, they constantly said to me, "*C'est de l'éloquence, si vous voulez; cependant c'est une phrasière que Madame de S.!*" Of Madame de Genlis—"*Pour son style, c'est d'une pureté très facile et élégante, mais il n'y a rien de naturel dans ses romans, que les enfans!*" The *Battuécas* of Madame de Genlis must, however, by this, have reconciled her to the most inveterate friends of legitimacy, church, state, and the King of Spain!

ty garden belonging exclusively to this wing of the convent, is only divided from its great garden by a low wall, and it admits at its extremity the melancholy view of a small chapel or oratory, fatally distinguished by the murder of the bishops and priests, imprisoned there during the reign of Robespierre. Madame de Genlis received me with a kindness, a cordiality, that had all the *naïveté* and freshness of youthful feeling and youthful vivacity. There was nothing of age in her address or conversation; and vigour, animation, a tone of decision, rapidity of utterance, spoke the full possession of every feeling and every faculty: and I found her in the midst of occupations and pursuits, which might startle the industry of youth to undertake or to accomplish.

When I entered her apartment, she was painting flowers in a book, which she called her *Herbier sacré*, in which she was copying all the plants mentioned in the Bible. She shewed me another volume, which she had just finished, full of trophies and tasteful devices, which she called *L'Herbier de reconnaissance*. "But I have but little time for such idle amusements," said Madame de Genlis. She was, in fact, then engaged in abridging some ponderous tomes of French *Mémoires*, in writing her *Journal de la Jeunesse*, and in preparing for the press her new novel *Les Battuécas*, which she has since given to the world.

Her harp was, nevertheless, well strung and tuned; her piano-forte covered with new music; and when I gave her her lute to play for me, it did not require the drawing up of a single string. All was energy and occupation. It was impossible not to make some observation on such versatility and variety of pursuits. "Oh! this is nothing," said Madame de Genlis; "what I pride myself on, is knowing *twenty trades, by all of which I could earn my bread*."

She conversed with great earnestness, but with great simplicity, without effort as without pretension; and laughed heartily at some anecdotes I repeated to her, which were then in circulation in Paris. When I mentioned the story of her receiving a mysterious pupil, who came veiled to her apartments, whose face had never been seen even by her attendants, she replied, that there was no mystery in the case; that she received two or three unfortunate young people, who had no means of supporting themselves, and to whom she taught the harp as a mode of subsistence, as she had done to Casemir, now one of the finest harpists in the world. I could not help telling her, I believed she had a *passion for educating*: she replied, "*Au contraire, cela m'a toujours ennuyé*;" and added, it was the only means now left her of doing good.

I had been told in Paris, that Madame de Genlis had carried on a *secret correspondence* with the late emperor, which is another term for the higher walks of *espionnage*. I ventured one day to talk to her on the subject; and she entered on it with great promptitude and frankness. "Buonaparte," she said, "was extremely liberal to literary people—a pension of four thousand francs per annum was assigned to all authors and *gens-de-lettres* whose circumstances admitted of their ac-

ceptance of such a gratuity. He gave me, however, six thousand, and a suite of apartments at the Arsenal. As I had never spoken to him, never had any intercourse with him whatever, I was struck with this liberality, and asked him what he expected I should do to merit it. When the question was put to Napoleon, he replied carelessly, 'Let Madame de Genlis write me a letter once a month.' As no subject was dictated, I chose literature, but I always abstained from politics." Madame de Genlis added, that, though she never had any interview with him, yet, on her recommendation, he had pensioned five indigent persons of literary talent.

One of these persons was a mere *littéraire de société*, and it was suggested to Buonaparte, that if he granted four thousand francs per annum to a man who was not an author, and was therefore destitute of the usual claim on such stated bounty, that there were two friends of that person, equally clever, literary, and distressed, who would expect, or at least ask, for a similar provision. "*Eh bien*," said Buonaparte, "*cela fait douze mille francs*;" and he ordered the other two distressed *literati* to be put on the annuity-list with their friend.

It was said to me in Paris, that Madame de Genlis had retired to the Carmelites, "*désabusée des vanités de ce monde, et des chimères de la célébrité.*" I know not how far this may be true, but it is certain, that if she has done with the *vanities* of the world, she has by no means relinquished its refinements and tastes even amidst the coldness and austerity of a convent. Her apartment might have answered equally for the *oratory of a saint*, or the *boudoir of a coquette*. Her blue silk draperies, her alabaster vases, her fresh-gathered flowers, and elegant Grecian couch, breathed still of this world: but the large crucifix (that image of suffering and humility), which hung at the foot of that couch; the devotional books that lay mingled with lay works, and the chaplets and rosaries which hung suspended from a wall, where her lute vibrated, and which her paintings adorned, indicated a vocation before which genius lay subdued, and the Graces forgotten. On shewing me the pious relics which enriched this pretty cell, Madame de Genlis pointed out to my admiration a *Christ on the cross*, which hung at the foot of her bed. It was so celebrated for the beauty of its execution, that the pope had sent for it when he was in Paris, and blessed it ere he returned the sad and holy representation to its distinguished owner. And she naturally placed great value on a beautiful rosary which had belonged to Fenelon, and which that elegant saint had worn and prayed over till a few days before his death.

If years could be taken into the account of a lady's age, Madame de Genlis must be far advanced in life; for it is some time back since the Baron de Grimm speaks of her as a "*demoiselle de qualité, qui n'était connue alors, que par sa jolie voix, et son talent pour la harpe.*" Infirmity, however, seems to have spared her slight and emaciated figure; her dark eye is still full of life and expression; and though her features are thin, worn, and sharply marked, and her complex-

ion wan and pale, the traces of age are neither deep nor multiplied. If her person is infinitely less fresh and vigorous than her mind, still it exhibits few of those sad impressions, which time slowly and imperceptibly prints, with his withering and silent touch, on the firmest muscle and the brightest bloom.

My visits to the cloisters of the *Carmelites* were as frequent as the duties of Madame de Genlis, and my own engagements in the world, would admit; and if I met this distinguished and highly endowed person with the high-beating throb of expectation, I parted from her with admiration and regret.

NARRATIVE OF CHRISTIAN MILNE.

(From *Miss* SPENCE'S *Letters from the North Highlands.*)

AT Aberdeen, Miss Spence met with an uncultivated female bard, extraordinary for her situation, and interesting from her character and misfortunes. Christian Milne was descended from humble parents, and taught to read by a village dame at Auchintoul, who was too notable to suspend her spinning-wheel during the lesson repeated by her docile pupil; at the same time she learned to write, of which she became so fond, that she constantly carried in her pocket a piece of broken slate, on which she scrawled her imperfect characters: in this harmless exercise, she was, however, interrupted by a thrifty stepmother, to whose persecution was added the sting of self-reproach whenever a clandestine volume seduced her to neglect some appointed task. It is curious to trace the progress of the untutored mind, though distressing to mark the painful struggles of native talent and refinement with toil and penury and misery. The little narrative of Christian Milne is judiciously communicated in her own simple language; and the following extract will, we doubt not, interest in her favour our benevolent readers:

"When about fourteen years of age, I was sent to Aberdeen, and went to service. I had neither books nor leisure; but I was treated with kindness, and was happy. There I composed many things while I was at work, and wrote them down on the Sunday evenings.—After keeping them for some time, I destroyed them, that it might not be known that I *fashed* my head with such nonsense. Thus I went on writing and destroying till I was twenty-two years of age, when I became a servant to Dr. Jack, Principal of King's College, Old Aberdeen. I had a slight illness, during which time I was very low-spirited, and lamented that I had no home to go to in case I should get worse (my father being then dead). I sat up in bed, and wrote the little poem published, 'Painful Recollections.' Just when I had finished it, and laid it down, Mrs. Jack came to my closet, with the kind intention of inquiring how I did: the paper lay on the table—Mrs. Jack asked me, if I had been writing, and if it was my own composition, or if I had copied it. I was afraid to acknowledge myself the author, but the doctor and she told me I needed not to be ashamed. At this I was encouraged to confess, that I had

written much, but destroyed it.—Dr. Jack advised me to preserve what I might write in future; which I did. In my twenty-fourth year I was married to Peter Milne, a journeyman ship-carpenter. Soon after, I became known to the lady of Captain Livingston, who commended what was shewn her, and made me happy by speaking to me with kindness, and expressed a wish to see whatever I wrote. When I had collected a good many little poems, Mrs. Livingston shewed them to Dr. Livingston; and his lady kindly invited me to their house, and never shall I forget how proud and happy I felt that day. Dr. Livingston shewed my poems to the Right Rev. Bishop Skinner and Mr. Ewen, who called upon me, and to my utter astonishment offered me their support, and proposed to publish my little writings, which were published by subscription in 1806; the profits amounted to 100*l.* which was a great sum to me. I have been afflicted with bad health for eleven years—during the winter and spring I am seldom able to rise from my bed. I have eight children, five of which I have nursed with the spoon. Though the profits of my little book, and the patronage of some of the worthiest people, have been very sweet to me; yet those blessings have been much embittered by the ridicule and contempt with which I have been treated by those amongst whom I am obliged to live, because I have been so idle as to write rhymes: but those respectable ladies and gentlemen whose names I have mentioned, can witness that I have not been the more idle on that account; for I have composed my poems, such as they are, when I was most busily employed about my washing, baking, or when rocking the cradle with my foot, the ink-stand in one hand, the pen in the other, and the paper on my knee, with my children about me. When busy at work, I laid the paper and ink beside me, and wrote the stanza as it came into my mind, and then to my work again.

"I have suffered many difficulties, and much sickness: my husband has been twice taken captive by the Americans, and lost his clothes and wages; but still I have kept my little treasure untouched. The world may blame me in suffering what I had done to save it; but it was from a good intention, for when I saw so many widows, when I looked around, left by seafaring men in poverty, I felt, if deprived of my husband, this was intended by a kind Providence to keep me from want, when I should be left a helpless widow with a large family. The gentleman who has been my husband's employer for twelve years, has built a new vessel of 120 tons burthen, and he has been made master of her: my long-saved money has just purchased a sixteenth share of this vessel, and if he is successful, we may be in a little better circumstances in a year or two; but I must leave that to God, who has done so much for me."

EXHIBITION OF THE BRITISH INSTITUTION.

We feel it necessary, in the due course of our literary duty, to notice the Exhibition of the works of *deceased British artists* at the British Institution. Candour compels us to say, that this collection does not comprise the full measure of merit which is deservedly attached to the fame of the distinguished artists, some of whose works it contains. In no one case does it contain the *best* specimen of the artist's powers whose pictures are exhibited, and in many it hardly furnishes a shadow of the solid character of the painter whose name is affixed to the work. What, for instance, can be more repulsive to the understandings of those who know the moral powers of Hogarth's pencil, than to see pictures exhibited of this master (we presume as a proof of his proficiency), which sprung from the early exercise of his talent; mere family portraits, and neither in subject nor execution resembling the nervous and masterly works on which Hogarth's fame is irrevocably fixed? The same observation applies to other works in this Exhibition.

When, in the efficient and impartial discharge of our public duty, we are bound to make this remark, we do it not so much in defence of the fame of departed men who have deserved well of their country (for that would be an unnecessary task), but to lend our assistance, so far as our influence may go, in undeceiving foreigners who may visit this Exhibition, and preventing their drawing hasty conclusions unfavourable to the posthumous reputation of some of the best artists our country ever produced.

The observations which we have made have no reference to the directors of the British Institution, who have done so much service to the fine arts of their country; more works were called for of our deceased artists, and they have procured them. But it should also be recollected, that they have long since furnished the public and the students in art with some of the finest specimens of our departed artists, with some of the most masterly compositions of these men, whose earlier and holiday productions are now exhibited in the British Gallery. Four years ago they filled the gallery with the most excellent pictures that could be found of Gainsborough, Wilson, and Hogarth. Soon after they presented an entire exhibition of the works of Sir Joshua Reynolds, containing the most useful of his experimental, and most interesting of his maturer productions. They have then done their duty to the public; and if pictures of equal interest by these artists were not now to be exhibited, the reason is, not that they do not exist in a luxuriant abundance, but that they have already formed a part of the periodical exhibitions at the British Institution, and are, consequently, a second time inadmissible.

The number of pictures in the present collection is one hundred and sixty, and they are by Gainsborough, Reynolds, Wilson, Hogarth, Gilpin, Wright, Mortimer, Romney, Hodges, Dance, De Lou-

therbourg, Opie, Morland, and other artists of considerable celebrity in their respective times. The subjects are, of course, as various as the names of the artists. The principal historical work is

The Murder of David Rizzio.—Opie.

This picture has been often praised for its exquisite tone of colouring, and the roundness and bold relief of its figures. In these qualities (certainly very superior ones) it manifestly excels, though we confess we are not struck on beholding it, with that prominent ascendency of individual character, of which we think the subject was susceptible. The grace and beauty of Mary Queen of Scots might have been more strongly marked, without interfering with a sufficiency of horror and active supplication for the unhappy victim, such as the dreadful outrage called forth. Darnley might also have been endowed with a stronger cast of expression. History tells us, that after ushering in the assassins, he stood a silent spectator of their deed; but human nature tells us, that the horrible passion which incited him to command the action, could not have been morbidly passive in his mind, or unrepresented in his features, when his victim was expiring at his feet. The assassins are coarse-looking fellows, perhaps as they should be, but they do not appear to have that fixed and diabolical resolution which men should have who do these deeds; their expression is ordinary, and their features purely national. On the whole, we think this picture inferior in general expression to Mr. Opie's *Jephtha's Rash Vow*, though it is perhaps superior to it in strong delineation of light and shade. *The Presentation in the Temple*, by the same artist, in this Exhibition, has great merit, and several of the *portraits* are admirably executed.

Orpheus.—Dance.

This is a good poetical picture. The figure is well drawn, and the attitude easy and graceful. Perhaps the colouring might have been improved by a little more yellow and rose-colour: it loses much of its fleshy tone by a sort of violet hue, that has a chilling effect, and does not accord with the real appearance of nature.

Infant Shakspeare nursed by Tragedy and Comedy.—Romney.

This picture does great credit to the artist. The attitudes of the figures are tasteful and appropriate. The plaintive air of Tragedy is well expressed; and Comedy has her full share of mirth and playful gaiety. The colouring, however, does not appear well made out; it was either originally laid on too dull, or has subsequently faded. Where we should expect the brilliancy and freshness of nature, we find too much of a brownish yellow, that produces a muddiness of effect. The composition of the picture is poetical, and redeems many minor defects.

The Snake in the Grass.—Sir Joshua Reynolds.

There have been, if we mistake not, two pictures on this subject painted by this distinguished artist. One of them, from which a good engraving was taken at the time, has a shade thrown across the arm, that is not observable in this picture, which is, we think, an improvement upon the former. The

playful and insinuating address of Cupid is here finely expressed; and the half-blushing but arch glance of the female, shews the success of young Cupid's wiles. The arm, with which the female seems to half conceal her face, is beautifully painted; it is fleshy, rich, and natural, and not inferior to Titian's powers of execution. The same care is not observable in many other parts of the picture.

Hope nursing Love.—The same.

This is a pleasingly poetical picture. The figures are drawn with care, and coloured in the most pleasing and fascinating manner. The tender and affectionate manner in which Hope presses the child to her breast, is sentimental and natural. The portraits of this accomplished artist have been ever the theme of praise. His portrait of *Edmund Burke*, in this Exhibition, is probably one of the finest portraits, for the full expression of mental character, that has ever been painted. The *Student* is also beautifully executed: the shadow which falls on the figure is exquisitely fine.

The Fire of London.—De Loutherbourg.

This picture contains an exquisite display of this artist's powers for colouring. He has with great propriety selected the night-time for the representation of this awful conflagration; and never was a subject of this difficult kind handled with more ease and success. The smouldering heat seems to glow upon the eye in every direction; and the confused and affrighted groupes who press to the river from all quarters, fill the imagination with all those terrific representations, which the awful conflagration must have furnished in piteous reality at the time. The moon-beams which play upon the water have a delightful effect; they seem to give a coolness and relief to the subject, that furnishes a pleasing contrast to the overwhelming heat and burning shadows which compose the leading parts of the picture. The reflection on the water is uncommonly beautiful.

The Siege of Valenciennes, by this artist, is also a good picture, possessing much character and appropriate colouring.

View taken in the Island of Otaheite.—Hodges.

This is a good, and we have no doubt a correct, representation of the romantic and wild luxuriancy of Otaheitan scenery.

Small Landscape, and View of the Sybil's Temple at Tivoli.—Wilson.

This deservedly celebrated artist has filled several collections in England with the best landscapes they contain. The two which we have named are the most striking in this Exhibition. The clear and charming serenity of an Italian atmosphere, the aërial motion of the clouds, and their reflected shadows, have never been more faithfully represented than in these pictures. The immeasurable distance which true perspective can convey, is here strongly expressed; and the architectural objects which are occasionally introduced, give the pictures that air of beauty and nature which fascinate us so much in the works of Claude.

Landscape, with Market-People.—Gainsborough.

This is also a very natural and pleasing landscape, very finely co-

loured, and painted with more freedom and ease than some we have seen by this artist, whose general style was, however, full of truth and simplicity.

Temples at Pœstum, and an Eruption of Mount Vesuvius.—Wright.

The first of these pictures is a pleasing and well-executed landscape: but the volcanic eruption is a very singular composition; it seems to have been executed by the artist as a sort of experimental and novel effort at delineating a sublime and awful event. It is for those who have seen the operations of nature in such a terrific moment, to say whether he has succeeded or not; for our parts, we can only speak of it as a composition in art that does not convey the peculiar impression of which such a subject is susceptible. The artist seems to have first laid on his ground-colours in a complete manner; he appears then to have laid on others, and worked them up so as to produce a transparent medium, through which the substratum is seen. There is a great deal of work in the picture; but there is a hardness and apparent mechanical labour about it, which, however demonstrative of industry, is yet fatal to the general effect of the picture. It rivets the mind to the elementary details of art, without raising it to a sentimental feeling of the moral influence which is within the range of its powers. Mr. Wright's landscapes are in general of a very superior description, and entitle him to hold a high place among the landscape-painters of his country.

The Smith's Shop—by the same, is a picture of strong merit, though it has also some manifest defects.—The sulphureous flame-colour from the forge is well reflected; but the face of the smith, on whom it glares, is too smooth for nature: the lights also seem to interfere with each other, and are badly arranged. The subject would, of course, admit deep shadows, but they should be so managed as not to obscure the parts which they are merely intended to relieve by the force of contrast.

Cattle in a Landscape after a Shower.—Burnett.

This landscape has no small share of merit; it has a clear good tone, and the cattle are well painted. The trees have, however, a hardness, by being of too green and unshaded a colour. In every other respect this picture is well finished.

Landscape and Figures.—Barrett and Cipriani.

The landscape part of this picture is carefully and correctly finished, but the figures have no striking interest. Cipriani was better calculated for painting nymphs in a poetical picture, than for objects of rustic attraction.

Gulliver with the Horses.—Gilpin.

This artist was remarkable for his knowledge in animal anatomy; and this picture is an example of his great proficiency in expressing that skill with his pencil. The horses are beautifully drawn and coloured.

Interior of a Stable—Pigs.—Morland.

These pictures exhibit, in a very striking point of view, the peculiar talent of this highly gifted but wayward man, and the interest and strong character which he was capable of infusing into those subjects of familiar life that he principally

painted. Both the pictures we have named represent, with all the truth of nature, the subjects (if such they can be called) of which they treat. It is impossible to find, in all its details, a more exact and well-finished representation of the objects and incidents of common life, than is displayed in these pictures.

Hogarth's pictures in the Institution are mere unimportant sketches.

There are also two of the celebrated Cartoons of Raphael, viz. *Elymas the Sorcerer* and *The Death of Ananias.* To speak of these subjects would be to repeat the universal language of praise, which has been a thousand times over applied to them in every age and country.

We have enumerated the principal works in this Exhibition at the British Institution; they are, in fact, as we have already said, a continuation of the series of works of deceased British artists already presented to public inspection by the directors of this excellent establishment.

FASHIONS.

LONDON FASHIONS.

PLATE 3.—DINNER DRESS.

A ROUND dress, composed of jaconot muslin, embroidered in small roses. The skirt is finished round the bottom with a profusion of rouleaus of clear muslin, which are fancifully wreathed with white satin. The body fastens behind; it comes high on the shoulder, but is cut very low round the bosom and back of the neck. The front forms the shape in a most becoming manner. Plain long sleeve, finished at the wrist to correspond with the skirt. Head-dress, *cornette à la Ninon*, composed of *tulle* and rouleaus of pale green satin. The crown is decorated with a wreath of leaves in pale green satin, to correspond with the rouleaus, and a broad lace set on very full. The *cornette* fastens under the chin, and has a full quilling of lace all round. The hair is parted so as to display the forehead and eyebrows, and dressed very light at the sides. Necklace and ear-rings, white cornelian mixed with gold. White kid slippers and gloves.

PLATE 4.—EVENING DRESS.

A plain rich white gauze dress over a white satin slip. The form, a frock made to fasten behind; it is cut very low all round the bust, and the body and sleeves are ornamented, in a style of uncommon novelty and taste, with blond and moss-roses. The skirt is elegantly trimmed with gauze draperies, each of which is finished with a rose. Head-dress, the *chapeau à la Infanta;* it is composed of white satin; the crown a moderate height, elegantly ornamented with satin round the top. The front, which turns up all round, is of a novel and becoming shape. A beautiful plume of feathers droops a little to the left side. The hair is dressed in loose curls on the forehead, parted in front, and very low at the sides. Necklace and ear-rings,

diamonds. White kid gloves, and white satin slippers. White crape fan, richly embroidered in silver.

We have again to acknowledge our obligation to the taste and invention of Mrs. Marchant of Gerrard-street, Soho, by whom we have been favoured with our dresses this month.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHION AND DRESS.

The present month is one in which the records of Fashion present little variety. Her lovely votaries, satisfied with the triumphs which the winter and spring afford them, cease to rack their own invention or their milliners' for novelty, and content themselves with an elegant simplicity of dress, which, though tasteful and becoming, affords little room for description.

Muslin round dresses, with white or coloured satin spencers, are very general for the promenade. We shall speak of the dresses by and by. With respect to the spencers, they have altered very little since last month; backs are something narrower, and the most fashionable are tight to the shape behind. Striped gauze, to correspond with the spencer, is considered the most fashionable trimming: it is disposed in various forms round the throat, waist, and cuffs, and frequently intermixed with light silk trimming.

Clear muslin spencers are also much worn; they are lined with coloured sarsnet, and finished round the throat and cuffs with three rouleaus of muslin: those round the throat are very full, and stand up quite round the ears; they stand out from the throat, and do not close in front.

White willow, straw, and Leghorn bonnets continue to be worn for the promenade; but gauze bonnets, with large brims, are considered most elegant: both the brims and crowns are ornamented with satin pipings, and a large bunch of flowers is generally placed to one side; the edge is finished either with a quilling of plain blond or a narrow lace set on plain, and it ties under the chin with a very full bow at the left side.

White satin spencers, China crape scarfs, and rich white silk net shawls, are all adopted in the carriage costume. White chip hats of the half gipsy shape, or else to turn up in front, are in estimation; but they are not considered so fashionable as bonnets made of letting-in lace, which are joined by narrow satin ribbon: these ribbons are flowered, and very beautifully shaded. These bonnets are far from becoming; the front turns up on one side, and nearly conceals the face on the other: they are ornamented with a bunch of flowers tied together with a large bow of ribbon, which is placed on the right side; the ribbon which fastens the bonnet under the chin is brought to the left side, and tied also in a large bow.

Nothing novel has appeared in morning costume since our last number.

Muslin still continues higher than any thing else in estimation for dinner dress. Slight silks, both striped and sprigged, are, however, adopted by some tonish *belles*. Lace and work, or an intermixture of both, form the prevailing trimmings

for muslin dresses. Gauze, satin, embroidery, blond, and fancy trimmings, composed of silk and *chenille*, are all worn for silk dresses.

The most novel form of dinner dress is the one which we have given in our print. We have, however, seen some very pretty ones in slight silk, the bodies of which were of satin to correspond; a short sleeve, composed of the same material as the dress, was surmounted by a small satin epaulette. The body was trimmed round the bust with puffings of net, between each of which was a small white satin rose; the trimming of the skirt consisted of several rows of these puffings. The general effect of this dress is pretty, but rather too formal.

The materials for full dress continue the same as last month. The one which we have presented to our fair readers is, at present, in great estimation. The Percy robe, composed of rich fancy gauze, is also very much admired; it is made in different colours, but considered most elegant in white. Its form is very simple: a plain round dress, made to fit the shape without any fulness in the body; the sleeve, of the same material, very short and full, confined to the arm by a slight puckering of white satin. A pelerine of blond lace, of uncommon depth and beauty, goes round the back of the dress; and as far as the shoulder in front, where it is confined either by a brilliant ornament, a flower, or a knot of ribbon. The lace is then brought rather high over the bust nearly to meet in front, from whence it gradually slopes down to the bottom. The trimming of the skirt is generally embroidery, but sometimes consists of a single fall of blond. The elegant simplicity of this dress induces us to think it will continue long in favour.

Artificial flowers, which we have no longer occasion to import from France, since our own are hardly to be distinguished from the productions of nature, are universally adopted in full dress by juvenile *belles;* they are also used to ornament the *toques* and turbans of matronly ladies. Turban caps are very generally adopted by ladies of a certain age, to whom they are truly becoming.

Cornettes continue to be worn by *élégantes* of all ages in half dress. We refer to our prints of last month and the present, for the most approved and becoming *cornettes* that have appeared for some time.

White cornelian begins to be greatly worn in half-dress jewellery. Sapphire ornaments are also in much request; they are particularly becoming to *belles blondes.*

There is no change in full-dress jewellery.

Fashionable colours for the month continue the same as last.

FRENCH FEMALE FASHIONS.

Paris, June 20.

My dear Sophia,

A complete revolution has taken place since I wrote last in the promenade costume, which is now remarkable for its variety. I will begin with the head, and endeavour to give you some idea of

the different sorts of bonnets and *capotes* which are in requisition among our *élégantes*.

Straw, chip, Leghorn, and crape continue to be fashionable for *chapeaus;* but they are not so much so as plaid silk, which is now the favourite material for hats and *capotes*, and fancy straw, which is also in great request for the former. I believe I mentioned this beautiful material to you in my last; it is a composition of straw and silk.

Hats have increased very much in size, particularly Leghorn, which are worn very large. Some of our *élégantes*, who affect simplicity, have them bound with a plain broad ribbon round the edge of the brim, and have no other ornament than a short white lace veil, a knot of plaid ribbon, or a very small bouquet of flowers. Other *belles*, whose number is the most considerable, ornament their *chapeaus* in a manner much more showy, but yet not inelegant; they line them with pink or gold-colour, edge them with plaited *tulle*, in the middle of which one sometimes sees a cork-screw roll of very narrow ribbon, or else a full plaiting of ribbon, which is generally plaid. A large bunch of flowers, a plume of feathers, and perhaps an enormous bow of plaid ribbon on one side, completes the trimming of some hats; others are adorned with jasmine, of which there are often five or six, all of different colours; others, and those in my opinion are the most elegant, are trimmed with broad gauze ribbon, to correspond with the bonnet, which is twisted all round the crown, in the form of a serpent, with white satin tastefully disposed between the folds.

In telling you that bonnets are worn very large, I forgot to observe, that the most tonish turn up a little in front; and while they shade the sides of the face, they display the upper part of it very much. The brims, both of hats and bonnets, are quite as large as they have ever been worn; but the crowns, though high, are not immoderately so.

Capotes of cambric muslin, or, as we call it, *perkale*, are still in requisition for the retired walk; but the most elegant are those composed of plaid silk. *Ponceau*, green, and blue, or else yellow and *ponceau*, or else blue and green, are the favourite colours in plaid silk for hats or *capotes:* they are usually trimmed with plaid ribbons, the colours of which are *coquelicot* and blue. These *capotes* are sometimes trimmed with a full plume of feathers, which resemble, at a distance, a bunch of grass, and which are always grass-green. Lilac and yellow are the favourite colours for crape hats; they are trimmed always with pea-green.

Spencers, scarfs, and, above all, *colerettes à la Hollandaise*, are all in requisition for the promenade. Spencers have altered very little since I wrote last: they are always composed of levantine; the favourite colour is lilac, and they are ornamented with buttons in the style of a habit.

Scarfs are so variously disposed, that it would be difficult to tell what mode of wearing them is most prevalent. Some *élégantes* dispose them round the neck like a cravat;

others arrange them in a form nearly similar to the braces we wore in our school-days, with a bow and very long ends behind; and some throw them carelessly round the shoulders. Small square shawls, which are generally green with worked borders, are also in requisition with several distinguished fashionables.

The *colerette Hollandaise* is a muslin collar, which is drawn round the neck by a broad pink, lilac, or blue ribbon; a double frill of cambric or clear muslin, very nicely plaited, stands up round the throat, and a similar frill falls over the gown. This *colerette* is in universal request; for what reason it would be difficult to define, as it is neither becoming, elegant, nor expensive.

White is the only thing worn in morning, dinner, or evening costume by *belles* of good taste. Some few ladies, whose ambition it is not to look like other people, sport dresses of plaid silk, trimmed with flounces of the same material, which have a very bad effect; nothing, indeed, can be less appropriate to the season, as the colours are glaring, and sometimes dark, and the stripes very broad.

Perkale, jaconot muslin, and muslinet, are all adopted in the morning costume. *Perkale* and sprigged muslin are worn for dinner, and fine clear muslin is adopted for evening parties, except for very full dress, for which gauze and *tulle* are considered most fashionable.

There is no longer any difference in the form of morning or dinner dress, high gowns being considered most fashionable for both; and collars, notwithstanding the heat of the weather, are universally adopted: they are open in front so as to display the throat. The waist is very short, the body loose behind, and confined to the waist by a band of the same material as the dress. The front is generally tight to the shape. Sometimes a very broad pelerine, trimmed either with work or lace, to correspond with the bottom of the dress, is affixed to it. This pelerine descends below the waist both before and behind, and, by means of a sash tied over it, it forms a kind of jacket. Long sleeve, generally of a moderate fulness, but sometimes almost tight to the arm, with *bouillons* of clear muslin let in either down or across the arm. Sometimes these *bouillons* are twisted in the form of a serpent; and when that is the case, a narrow flounce generally runs along each division of *bouillons*. Plain long sleeves are usually finished at the bottom by three tucks, and sometimes a roll of muslin across the wrist; and they have in general a small half-sleeve, which is ornamented with tucks to correspond.

The skirts of dresses are now made in a manner singularly becoming to the figure: instead of being gored, and an easy fulness all round, they are as wide at top as at bottom, and are much narrower than usual, though not so tight as they were worn a few years ago in London.

There is much variety in trimming. All dresses are trimmed high, some with narrow flounces to correspond with the dress; these flounces are cut in small scollops, and either overcast or finished with fine edging: this kind of trimming

has a very neat appearance. Other dresses are trimmed with an intermixture of tucks and rolls of clear muslin, disposed in the form of a corkscrew: these rolls are interspersed with small lace *bouillons*, and if there were not quite so many of them, would have a very pretty effect. Embroidery is also in much request; the bottoms of dresses are frequently trimmed with a broad embroidery of palm-leaves, or fancy flowers, always intermixed with *bouillons*. Lace is not at all used either for morning or dinner dress.

Nothing can be more simple than the form of evening dress. A plain round gown, made as short as possible in the waist, and cut very low all round the bust. The body is full, but it is so short as to be entirely concealed by a cestus of white satin, which forms a full rose at the back of the waist: it is disposed in folds in front, and fastened down in the middle by a brilliant ornament. The sleeve, which is very short, has a triple edging of satin disposed in the form of a corkscrew. The trimming of the skirt is a kind of corkscrew of satin, to which are attached *bouillons* of the same material as the dress. The style of these dresses is very elegant, and much more chaste and becoming than full dress is in general with us.

The front hair in full dress is now universally worn in loose full curls; the hind hair is fastened up in a large knot *à la Grecque*. Flowers are the favourite ornament for the hair, except with ladies of a certain age, by whom *toques* are generally adopted. Silver tissue gauze, of a very light and elegant description, is a favourite material for these head-dresses, which have altered very little since I last described them to you: they are made something smaller, and those with a diadem front have the front much lower. The *camelia japonica* is a favourite ornament for *toques;* but garden flowers of various descriptions are also adopted: wild flowers are worn only on *chapeaus* and *capotes*. Feathers, particularly *Marabouts*, are in nearly as high estimation as flowers. Bunches of Indian corn, and wild berries in gold and silver, have been seen on the *toques* of some dashing fashionables, but they are not generally worn.

There is no change in the fashionable colours for the month, except that *ponceau* has been added to them: it is worn, however, only in plaid silks.

Adieu, my Sophia! My fingers are too much cramped to reply to all the pretty things you have said to me in your last; I can therefore only tell you, that I did not know till I lost you, how very dear you were to your affectionate

EUDOCIA.

INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, &c.

SIR JOHN SINCLAIR'S CODE OF AGRICULTURE.

HOWEVER doubtful or mysterious the art of agriculture may have formerly been considered, yet by the various improvements which have been made in that art, and the great increase of know-

ledge which has of late years been amassed, the difficulties attending the practice of an improved system of husbandry, have, in a considerable degree, been removed, and its principles have become so much simplified, and so well understood, that the time has at last arrived, when it is possible to undertake the arduous task of drawing up *A Code of Agriculture.*

Till the present period had arrived, this could not have been attempted with any well-founded hopes of success; for so many able and well-informed individuals had never, in any former era, directed their attention to agricultural pursuits;—so much capital had never previously been employed in the cultivation of soil;—so many practical farmers had never before published the result of their experience and observations on agricultural subjects; nor had those minute operations, on the due execution of which the success of the farmer must in a great measure depend, been ever formerly so distinctly pointed out. Hence the superiority of the present era for such an undertaking.

And if such a work were to be attempted at this time, there is, perhaps, no individual, on whom it was so incumbent to endeavour to prove that it might be executed, as the person who now ventures to offer the result of his labours to the public. On his suggestion, the government of Great Britain established a Board of Agriculture and Internal Improvement; under whose auspices the greatest exertions were made to collect useful information, as a foundation for such a work as the one now proposed, the publication of which, from the commencement of the new institution, was in his contemplation. A great body of valuable materials having been thus amassed*, what could be more desirable than to reduce the substance of the whole, into so moderate a compass, that it would require neither much expense to purchase, nor much time to peruse? How far it is practicable to carry such an idea into effect, the reader will soon have an opportunity of judging.

But to enable any person to undertake such a task as the present, it was not alone sufficient that he had access to books, however numerous, or however valuable the information they might contain. It was necessary for him to converse with farmers, to discuss the various subjects connected with agriculture, with practical men; to survey their farms; to examine their various practices on the spot; to compare the systems of different countries—and, above all, to be himself a farmer, and that on a great scale. These advantages have not been wanting on the present occasion.

After considering deliberately how the proposed plan could best

* For that purpose, the agricultural circumstances of every district in the kingdom was minutely examined, and Reports published, of the state of the several counties of England, in 47 volumes octavo, and of Scotland, in 30 volumes more. Seven volumes of Communications, in quarto, and several other works on specific subjects, have also been published by the Board; and this national undertaking was completed at an expense of nearly two hundred thousand pounds.

be executed, the following appeared to him the most simple and the most comprehensive that he could devise.

I. To consider those *Preliminary points*, to which a farmer ought to attend, otherwise he can never expect to carry on, in a successful manner, any system of husbandry. These particulars are,—Climate—soil—subsoil—elevation—aspect—situation—tenure, whether in property, or on lease—rent—burdens on, and size of the farm.

II. To inquire into the nature of *Those means of cultivation, which are essential to insure its success*: these are, Capital—regular accounts—arrangement of agricultural labour—farm servants—labourers in husbandry—live stock—implements--agricultural buildings--command of water—divisions of fields—and farm roads.

III. To point out *The various modes of improving land*, by cultivating wastes—inclosing—draining—manuring—paring and burning—fallowing—weeding—irrigation--flooding--warping--embarking—and planting.

IV. To explain *The various modes of occupying land*, in arable culture—grass—woods—gardens—and orchards: and,

V. To offer some general remarks on *The means of improving a country*: by diffusing information—by removing obstacles to improvement, and—by positive encouragement.

This work is intended to form one large volume octavo (and will be published early in August), in the body of which, general principles can alone be dwelt upon. Where particular information is necessary, it will be inserted in notes; and where the subjects are of great importance, and require minute detail, it is proposed to consider them in separate dissertations.

In the press, *The Principles of Diagnosis*, by Marshall Hall, M. D. &c. This work is founded entirely on the external appearances of morbid affections. It embraces, 1. A view of the countenance and attitude of patients, inasmuch as they are plainly characteristic of disease: 2. The symptoms of diseases, considered in their modifications, and in relation to particular affections: 3. A diagnostic arrangement of diseases; and, lastly, their diagnosis. A part of this work will be published in July.

The third volume of the new edition of Wood's *Athenæ Oxonienses*, with great additions, edited and continued by Mr. Bliss, closely printed in royal quarto, is ready for delivery. The fourth volume is in the press.

A small work, of much utility, will be published in a few days, entitled *Errors of Pronunciation and improper Expressions in current Use*, chiefly by the inhabitants of London; to which are added, those in similar misuse by the inhabitants of Paris.

A new edition of Mr. Cumberland's periodical work, entitled *The Observer*, will be published in a few days, in three vols.

John Harrison Curtis, Esq. aurist to his Royal Highness the Prince Regent, and surgeon to the Royal Dispensary for the Diseases of the Ear, is about to publish a *Treatise on the Physiology and Diseases of the Ear*; containing a comparative view of its structure and functions, and of its various diseases. This work is intended chiefly for deaf persons, and will be accompanied with an interesting copper-plate, representing an invention of an

artificial ear, made in France, and which very much increases the collection of sound; but Mr. Curtis has made considerable improvement in this invention, which occasions the sound to enter with double force, by its being applied over the natural ear.

The third volume of Mr. John Farey's *Mineralogical and Agricultural Survey of Derbyshire*, will be published early in July. This volume completes the survey of that interesting county, which was made by order of the Board of Agriculture, and contains a full account of the surfaces, hills, valleys, rivers, rocks, caverns, strata, soils, minerals, mines, collieries, mining processes, &c. &c.; together with some account of the recent discoveries respecting the stratification of England; and a theory of faults and denudated strata, applicable to mineral surveying and mining.

Dr. Blake of Weymouth is preparing for the press, in several volumes imperial 4to. a splendid and authentic *Peerage of the United Kingdom*, from the earliest records to the present day: in which will be given a genealogical and tabular view of the personal descent, original creation, and collateral branches of every title, whether living or extinct; forming at once a clear and comprehensive history of every family on which any distinction has been conferred by the sovereigns of these kingdoms. It is intended in this elementary work to supersede the cross reading and numerous parentheses which render the present pedigrees of our nobility so unintelligible.

The very fascinating and fashionable Spa at LEAMINGTON PRIORS, Warwickshire, is now filling very fast for the season. A new pump-room and ladies' baths are completing in a very superb style, immediately opposite to Mr. BISSET'S *Historical Picture-Gallery*. The royal pump-room and suite of baths cost upwards of twenty thousand pounds, the assembly-room ten thousand, and the price of land has risen so rapidly, that what would have been sold ten years ago for sixty pounds per acre, will now fetch twelve hundred guineas. The great advantage Leamington possesses in preference to other watering-places is, that the baths are prepared from the mineral springs. The roads are excellent round the place, and the hotels and lodging-houses are elegant and commodious. The Spa lies within half an hour's walk of Warwick, and is only distant a few miles from Stratford-on-Avon, Offchurch, Guy's Cliff, Coventry, and Kenilworth Castle.—To those who intend visiting this interesting place, we recommend as a very useful and entertaining companion, BISSET'S *Leamington Guide*, a second edition of which has just been published, with elegant engravings.

Mr. John Wells, drawing-master to the school of Christ's Hospital, has in the press *An Epitome of Perspective*, illustrated with upwards of twenty engravings.

L. Harrison, Printer, 373, Strand.